

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

# DRUMMER

*More pages of original artwork and fiction than any other Gay publication*



ISSUE 46

**ETIENNE'S SLAVE WASH MURAL / LONDON LEATHER  
/ AARON TRAVIS' BLINDED BY THE LIGHT / EROTIC  
LEATHER IMAGES / MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER /  
DRUM / THE SEARCH FOR MR. DRUMMER**

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# DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

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Cover Photo: Victor Armondi

## DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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# GETTING OFF

## MARCHING TO A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

"The most intelligently outrageous homosexual magazine in America is the San Francisco based DRUMMER, which specializes in sado-masochism and all the more extreme varieties of leather sex. DRUMMER in its own sardonic way keeps abreast of the progress of the avant-garde art scene." **ART & ARTISTS** / Edward Lucie-Smith / England.

A lot of exciting, affirmative and improving things are happening at DRUMMER including a few that might be of interest to our readers. The tightening and improvement of the staff, distribution and accounts receivable are not of general interest unless we did it in dungeons and photographed the bondage, punishment and rack-stretching necessary to carry out such changes. But most of it involves paperwork, accounts receivable and computers. Nothing to get a hard-on about there.

There have been the expected number of complaints about the change of paper in the past two issues. Most understanding, constructive and helpful. Both issues have sold extremely well and we hope for the same for this one. We will be anticipating the same number of letters again. Most of the letters advised us that the writers were not as concerned about cost as about quality. Since DRUMMER had been costing over a dollar apiece to print, it was necessary to get it in line for awhile.

However, issue 47, our Anniversary issue, begins DRUMMER's return to its former slick glory. It will have a Source Section, loaded with advertising (and sources) making the extra pages and the expensive stock possible. To insure the continuation of this slickness, we are raising the cover price to 3.95. You asked for it, you got it.

We are also getting heavier-handed with our distributors and are seeking out stores across the country that should be handling DRUMMER, but aren't. If you know of any, drop us a line and we will get on their case. Shipments to the East Coast will be air-freighted for faster release there. Hot shit!

As we go into our Seventh year, DRUMMER has never been in better shape or had a bigger or better family of contributors, staff, photographers, writers and artists. Even the would-be competitors that have attempted imitation DRUMMERS through the years have contributed — they keep us on our toes to insure you get the best magazine possible. But the ones we really need to be grateful to are the friends that pick it up on the newsstands, bookstores, bars and baths around the world or even more so, the ones who subscribe and patiently wait for the postman to come through.

Now there is a really loveable bunch. And it keeps on growing.

DRUMMER 6

# MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

## HOT DADDIES!

Once again you have come out with another issue of a great magazine. Always hot! Always hard!

I am referring to DRUMMER No. 42, and the "Daddies" article. Your photos were very professional, so far it's tops in my book.

And Joe/Atlanta (DRUMMER No. 44, Malecall) and I have parallel interests, which include the search for older men who know that it takes someone special to be a Daddy — and how to properly bring up a hunky young "son."

Jose  
New Orleans, LA

## SLAVE TRAINING

Sir, I understand that in some past "letters-to-the-editor" in Drummer issues there were controversies as to how a Master should treat a slave, who is in control, attitudes of each, etc. Even to the point of getting a whipping myself for telling a Master, I, a slave, would say this to a Master in all respects: "Take your leather strap and whip your slave's bare ass! When a Master is forceful and consistent, you will have a better slave!" Love and punishment are not contradictory but complementary. A rule of punishment is: "Whip his ass and whip it good!"

Jeff  
Long Beach, CA

## BELGIAN BRAVOS

I know you get a lot of letters saying how much all the other guys like your magazine. Now you are hearing it from a Belgian reader. You still have the best gay magazine on the market.

The leather scene in Belgium isn't very big, but we do have one advantage — we are two hours by car from Amsterdam, two hours from Klon and about six hours from Berlin. (German studs are just great.)

The stories and photos published in your magazine are outrageous.

Manfred  
Brussels

## KID'S STUFF?

Have you seen the new candy from Floor Corp? The box is a three and one-fourth plastic replica of a gym locker, surprisingly detailed and sturdy. You can collect them and hook them together using grooves in the sides.

The candy inside is in the shape of t-shirts, soap, socks and gym shorts. Sorry, no jock-straps!

After all that, the taste of the stuff is childish.

Still, I can hear a voice in the playground, gruffly saying, "Eat those shorts, kid!"

Tim  
South Carolina

## THE OUTRAGE

I was unfamiliar with your magazine, and so recently I bought issue 43 thinking that it would, like most such magazines, simply contain photographs of handsome men. Instead, it was the most disgusting display of freakish borderline insanity that I have ever seen. If I can be so bold as to indulge in a kind of phantasy that is the very opposite of love, and humanity, and mental balance that the gay community (and, indeed, the world) so badly needs; then the very least they can do is keep it private.

It is no wonder that many straight people, as well as many gays, are appalled at the behavior of some gays, and when they see your magazine, I am afraid they are justified. The super macho extreme is no worse than the drag queen caricature of femininity, but it is no better either, and as long as these two extremes are so well publicized, the gay community will have very little chance of gaining any true respectability.

E. J. Edwards  
Tucson, AZ

(Editor's Note: Your letter was interesting, if predictable. The mindset you are operating under isn't. It's heterosexualism at its most contemptible. DRUMMER isn't a magazine filled with nude photos of "handsome men." There are a lot of magazines like that, and I'm sure you are already familiar with them. DRUMMER is about something else entirely, and something much more creative than impersonating heterosexual behavior. DRUMMER is about individual sexual freedom. You see, another part of the great heterosexual lie is that sexual freedom exists behind locked doors — or "in private" as you put it. If sexual freedom did exist at all there would be no need for magazines like DRUMMER, or even the less "disgusting" magazines you routinely read. We're an honest magazine, we talk about sexual realities and possibilities. What you're talking about is socially acceptable sexual irresponsibilities. You can go on believing that crap about being accepted as long as you learn to fuck in the missionary position with only one other man for the rest of your life if you wish. But that's not honesty, and that's not humanity, and that's not love, and that sure isn't mental balance.

# A FIRST... BLACK LEVI 501's

*We're not talking about gays running the fucking country, Jack. I'm talking about making your own decision over who you'll sleep with, and how, and where, and why. That's what DRUMMER is about. Not "gaining any true respectability." There is no true respectability in having another set of standards imposed upon your own.)*

## DER PHOTOS!

In issue 45 . . . photos on OVER THERE — A RADIO DRAMA were SINSATIONAL — even if some jerk drew all over the first one with circles! Anyway, please let a devoted reader know where a set of these great prints can be obtained. I tore all through the issue but found no mailing address. Where, oh, where do I find these prints? Desperate In Encino

## PAPER GRIEF

All the quality in the world is slipping away. I knew things were going to get bad when the Monopoly sets started coming with little plastic hotels instead of wooden ones with gold trim. Now the last bastion of quality is falling: *Drummer* has stooped to newsprint. I just won't be able to leave it on the coffee table anymore . . . it'll have to be filed in the garage with the back issues of *Soldier of Fortune*.

J.M.  
Hollywood, CA

## CENTER YES AND NO

The one good thing about Issue 44 was the centerfold poster. My Master has allowed me to hang it on the wall in our bedroom.

As for Issue 45, my Master feels the same way about it as he did Issue 44 despite what you said about it in "Getting Off." We both feel that by using such cheap paper, *Drummer* isn't worth paying \$3.50 for in the Newsstands. The word "Outrageous," under the price is so true.

Since my Master is in the printing business, the newsprint paper you have used is a big waste he says, as is the Centerfold in Issue 45. Let's hope you return very soon to the grade and quality of paper you had before.

We both agree also with "B.S." in his letter in Issue 45 about your Cover Man on Issue 44. Let's see more of him, especially in color. In fact he would have been better as your Issue 45 Centerfold instead of what you had.

S.S.  
Denver, CO

# HEADLINES

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		San Francisco, CA 94109		

Photo: Costanza

# WE WENT LOOKING FOR MR. DRUMMER...



photos by Robert Pruzan

It was one of those nights when nothing could go wrong. The place — Dreamland — was new to many of the leathermen, the music was overwhelming, the buffet creative and plentiful, the men hot and energetic. As the two dozen contestants paraded their stuff before the enthusiastic audience, it went without a hitch. Show and tell time, when they stripped down before the crowd, just before the final balloting time, had the rapt attention of the entire 1500 man audience, who did the judging one ballot to a customer. The calibre of the contestants was topflight and the choice was hard, among other things.

There had been a Western Mr. Drummer chosen last winter and an Eastern one chosen the earlier summer. But this contest was to pick MR. DRUMMER for the year. To grace the pages of DRUMMER and other magazines and newspapers around the country. Backstage, the activity was frantic with









constant changing of costumes of leather and chrome. *Drummer* sent its boot-slave to make sure everyone's leather was polish-perfect. Afterward there was swimming and relaxing at the Drummer Key Club with the actual presentation of the trophies by Emperor Marcus I along with the prizes.

Publisher John Embry thanked the crowd for helping pick DRUMMER's representative. "Five years ago this week," he stated, "the Leather Fraternity gave its first party in Los Angeles — to which the L.A.P.D. sent one hundred and seven policemen, helicopters, buses, television cameras, arresting forty people and detaining most of the rest. Tonight, in a different city, a different political climate, we are enjoying one another's company in a totally different atmosphere. I like to think that DRUMMER has had a part in bringing that change of attitude toward the Leather Community."



**AND WE FOUND HIM.**



# LEATHER'S BIG CHICAGO WEEKEND



## INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER CONTEST

**A**n almost overwhelming crowd of interested contestants amassed on the Park West stage in Chicago in May for the third annual International Mr. Leather Contest. The contestants and the audience came from as far as Australia, England and Canada for the full weekend of activities sponsored by the Gold Coast and other Renslow Associates enterprises. There were receptions and parties at Touche, Man's Country, Gold Coast and a leather fashion show by Male Hide Leathers.

Entertainment at the contest and the Black and Blue Ball was provided by Herb & Potato, formerly of Gotham and by emcee Big Ed, as well as the dazzling contestants themselves.

Surprise winner was Marty Kiker, representing the San Francisco Brig. Second place was taken by Bill Shepherd for the Stud in Los Angeles and third went to Boyd Turner of San Francisco who was entered by Hardware products.

DRUMMER was represented by Ray Perea, Mr Drummer '81, and has commissioned international photographer Victor Arimondi to photograph the three winners in a more private setting. These will be published in subsequent issues of DRUMMER, with the exception of the new Mr. Leather who declined to be photographed further.



*Crowd pleaser was Joe Paducah, representing Zeus studios and a centerfold recently in DRUMMER*

*The winners pose with Chuck Renslow, originator of the contest. Photos are by A Thousand Words Unlimited and Stephen Kuleke*



# INTERNATIONAL MR LEATHER CONTEST 1981



# INTERNATIONAL MR LEATHER CONTEST 1981



Ray Peina, Mr. Leather, makes his energetic entrance after telling of his "coming out" and the effect it had on his life.





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# MEMBERS ONLY:

## A GUIDE TO SPECIFIC ORGANIZATIONS

Again *Drummer* looks at private groups and organizations that cater to specific interests and clientele. As in the past, we have been random in our selection. And equally, have not discriminated against those groups that do not hold traditional "meetings." All information is assumed to be accurate at the time of writing, and *Drummer* always recommends that you write for further information, rules, applications before assuming you can just up and join. We have also recapped those groups that we have mentioned in the past.

### S&MUTOPIA

*DungeonMaster* could be called the official newsletter of the State of Sandmutopia (an imaginary walled suburb of a major U.S. city devoted to male S&M), because the chapters of Sandmutopia, a novel in progress, are printed in each issue. But *DungeonMaster* is in actuality a bi-monthly newsletter of male S&M equipment and techniques published by Desmodus Publications. Editor Fledermaus runs a tight ship, and caters to the informed; so don't look here for a how-to-guide for beginners. Each issue runs about 12 magazine-sized pages, well-printed and designed. Besides a featured article each issue on a single aspect of bondage, torture or specific devices, there are letters from readers, short pieces of information, book reviews, news of interest to the S&M practitioner, a small classified section, and a chapter of Sandmutopia. *DungeonMaster* is *Drummer's* favorite "other" publication because of its level-headed and objective approach to



Photo by Yank

S&M activities.

A sample copy of *DungeonMaster* is available for \$2.50 from Desmodus Publications, Box 6592, Chicago, IL 60680.

### LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

*Knight* is another small publication, this time catering to those with a taste for the whip, paddle and ash on either end. We viewed Issue no. 6, and noted that a subscription was set for 10 issues. There is no indication of how often *Knight* is published, however. This is a sixteen-page typewritten 8 1/2 x 11 inch, with fairly good photo reproduction, and is mainly a national advertising publication from individuals. There are a few short articles, a good number of letters to the editor, and some news information about particular groups and organizations. There appears to be an ongoing debate over the merits of proxy punishment between a couple of the readers and the editor. A sample copy is available to non-members for \$2 from: Impleat Forum, Box 630, Flushing, NY 11352. Information on membership is available. The *Knight* members conduct gatherings in the New York City area.





#### MY HEART BELONGS TO...

Daddies and Daddy's Boys is a new group of over a hundred men and their "boys," guys into daddy-oriented relationships and activities. There is a yearly membership fee, which includes a name tag (either *Daddy or Daddy's Boy*), a monthly newsletter, and invitations to gatherings called "Come to Daddy's House" held every month. The organization also has T-shirts for their members. While this is too new a group to say too much about, it sure sounds like fun.

Write for information to: Daddies & Daddy's Boys, 3622-B Sixteenth St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

#### HI TECH GAYS

LGAES is not a sexual organization (but being a partly-social one, if you've ever wanted to fuck with a nuclear physicist then this is the place to be), but an interesting and we think important gay group. LGAES stands for Lesbian and Gay Associated Engineers and Scientists. Started by Californian Edward Sebesta, LGAES was obviously an idea whose time had come, because membership skyrocketed. It seems there are a lot of working state-of-the-art gays out around.

The organization has a newsletter, conducts a job placement referral service, lobbies for non-discrimination in hiring and practices among the American scientific institutes, and conducts a lot of social activities. Whatever your preconception of scientific-types might be, we think LGAES will surprise you. This is a hard-working, intelligent, very vocal and well organized group. They have a steady track record of not taking any shit from stuffy conservative science and research types. LGAES has a pamphlet about their organization available by writing to: LGAES, Box 70133, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

A related group has formed in Los Angeles, although primarily a social organization. They are: LAGS (Los Angeles Gay Scientists), Box 39582, Los Angeles, CA 90039.

#### SOURCES

*The Leather Fraternity* [The Drummer Club, 1550 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94103]

*Intelchain*, Box 410, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011 (LSA office)

*Slave Trader*, Box 253, Naperville, IL 60540. (information in Drummer no. 41)

*The Toilet* Write to John Hole, 433 Douglas Street, San Francisco, CA 94114. (Drummer no. 41)

*Holiday Bulletin*, Box 1208 Minneapolis, MN 55440. (information in Drummer no. 41)

*Black & White Men Together* Write to BWMT, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, CA 94114. (Drummer no. 41).

*SMADS*, Box 712, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10013. (Drummer no. 41)

*Foot Fraternity*, Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94119. (Drummer no. 41)

*Rear Frenchmen of America* Write to RFA, Box 537, New York, NY 10013. (Drummer no. 43)

*Challenge*, Box C-25, 323 South Franklin No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606. (Wrestling Club. Information in Drummer no. 43.)

*WS Correspondence Club*. Write to: Tom Boire, 1874 Union St., San Francisco, CA 94123. (Drummer no. 43).

*Footmen*. Box 741, New York, NY 10274. (Drummer no. 43.)



# IT'S DRUMMER POSTER AWARDS TIME



MEAT

being done first. Last year, DRUMMER ran a spread on the posters found in bars and clubs with an entry by Zach, for Swap Meat in Los Angeles, given the big treatment. We have been receiving more and more posters since then, with the assumption that the poster spread was to be a regular event. And why not?

Businesses, clubs, organizations from all over the world are invited to send a copy of their posters for consideration. Those we deem the tops in their field will find their way to the pages of DRUMMER. The artist will receive an award of excellence. The sponsor, whose poster it is, will get a full page devoted to it, which

is the equivalent of a full page in the "Rolling Stone" that is, a full page devoted to the poster. We'll report on it.

The dozen posters that will be given will be given space and if any of the winning designs are available by mail from their creators that will be duly reported as well.

—Put your posters to us immediately, preferably rolled to keep them in better condition for reproduction. Afterwards, the posters themselves will probably find their way to a permanent position on the walls of the DRUMMER KEY CLUB or DRUMMASTER to continue to be seen by leathermen from all over.

We'll send you one of ours to return the favor.

DRUMMER  
THE DRUMMER KEY CLUB

# BLINDED BY THE LIGHT

by Aaron Travis

I was eighteen that summer, just out of high school. All my money was tied up for college in the fall, there was not even enough left over for bus fare to Los Angeles. But I wanted to visit someone there.

I decided to hitchhike. My father ranted and raved. My mother said she wouldn't be able to sleep at night. I told them I sure as hell wasn't going to stay in Austin all summer.

It took me three days to get out of Texas. I looked at the map I was carrying and started to worry. The desert looked awfully wide, and my roll of bills had already grown appreciably thinner.

I was standing at a truckstop outside Clovis, New Mexico. There was a cafe, a bar, a motel. It was three in the afternoon. The temperature was 97. I stood about a hundred yards down the highway from the motel, duffel bag beside me, with my thumb hooked.

I had showered and changed into a fresh white T-shirt at the truckstop — the shirt I had been wearing since morning was soaked with sweat, and I figured I'd have better luck keeping a ride if I didn't smell like a horse.

My hair was pretty short back then, black and wavy. My skin stays dark all year round, so the sun wasn't frying me. I was singed, but not burned. The sun had cleared my forehead and cheeks, and bleached the sparse hair on my forearms. For a change I was wearing underwear. Without them, the crotch of my jeans got visibly wet from the sweat pouring off my balls and down the crack of my ass.

A big truck pulled out of the parking lot and wheeled onto the highway. The cab was high off the ground; I couldn't see the driver as the truck pulled closer. But I guess he saw me.

His name was Bill, and he had graduated a year ahead of







There was a low rumbling as the truck shifted down a gear, then the hiss of brakes. The truck slowly passed me and stopped about twenty yards down the road. I grabbed my bag and ran to the cab.

The driver opened the door from the inside and reached out to grab my hand. His arm was strong; he practically lifted me into the cab. The first thing I saw of him was his hand - a big hand with thick fingers, a little grime under the nails, and the back of his broad forearm, thickly muscled and covered with dense, dark blond hair. I stared at his forearm as it twisted to show the underside, where the flesh was pale and long veins ran over the muscles. His wrist was thick and solid.

I was in the seat then, glancing up to his flexed bicep and the strong bicep flexing it, then at the subtle smile on his face.

He had blond hair streaked with a darker blond, hanging tousled and windswept over his ears and onto the back of his neck. He had about ten day's growth of beard; its color matched the darker blond of his hair, and his eyebrows. He had narrow eyes, long eye lashes, and a smooth broad nose.

He didn't say anything as he started the truck into motion again, and I settled my bag in the grimy, tool-littered floorboard. The cab smelled of motor oil, tobacco, spilled beer.

He stared at the road. I stared at his profile - the wild hair, the proud nose, the curves of his finely shaped lips amid the stubble. He was wearing a short sleeve shirt, red and white plaid. It was a summer shirt, untapered and made of thin cotton - I could see the clinging undershirt beneath, defining his true shape: a broad chest with two big swells of hard muscle hanging over the narrow band of his midsection. A brown western belt cinched his waist. His pants were cowboy jeans, boot-cut, tight above the knees. His muscular ass and thighs pressed flat against the seat, looked about to burst the heavy seams. He was wearing heavy looking lace-up boots. I watched his feet move on the clutch and gas pedal.

- And his arms, one working the long, ball-topped stick shift, the other controlling the big, freestanding steering wheel. I guess a man gets strong arms and shoulders from fighting that wheel for ten hours a day, keeping two tons on a steady course. His arms were hairy and knotted with muscle, almost coarse looking. Every movement produced a ripple somewhere.

He told me his name was Reed. I told him mine was Alan. I said I was headed for Los Angeles. So was he.

"Well, you keep up your end of the conversation and don't be a pain in the ass, and who knows, maybe I'll get you all the way there," he smiled, and I realized that needing me was his way of being friendly.

Neither of us was very talkative. The day was too hot. My T-shirt was already wet in the pits. Reed concentrated on driving. I watched the flat New Mexican scrubland and the bands of mountains scattered here and there on the horizon. Occasionally I glanced over at Reed, noticing things I had not noticed at first glance. Like the fact that his left arm was darker than the right, more exposed to the sun from the window. His eyes were green, the green of a tabby cat's eyes. His face was weather-lined, but young. I figured he was in his late twenties.

I also noticed - couldn't help but notice, because his pants were so contoured to his crotch, and he kept reaching casually down to scratch it - that there was a lump the size of a Big Mac between his thighs. I finally stared at it out-right, trying to figure out what was balls and what was cock. All I could tell was that something massive and thick was trapped inside his jeans at the point where all the seams met.

The fact that he looked to be hung like a horse didn't start my mouth watering. Not yet. At eighteen I didn't have any definite preferences about sex - except that I was pretty sure I preferred men was no size nut - really hadn't been close enough to that many cocks; one was the same as any other. There was only one cock, other than my own, that I had really experienced. Its owner was my reason for going to L.A.

me and gone off to USC on a track scholarship. We had been close friends from childhood; our parents knew each other, we went to the same church, snuck out of the same Sunday school classes, went hiking together every fall in the hills around Austin. I played quarterback on the football team to his tight end.

Off the field the positions were reversed. I was Bill's tight end. That's what he started calling me, after the first time.

We began sucking each other's ass when I was a sophomore and Bill was a junior. That's about all we did for a year or so. Then, the summer I was sixteen and he was eighteen, Bill talked me into letting him put his cock up my ass. He wasn't particularly big, though I didn't have any standards of size then, about six inches, but it hurt like hell that first time.

I didn't stop him though, and I tried to enjoy it. By that time I had developed a first class crush on Bill. He was one of the stand outs in the school, an early bloomer, tall, handsome, blond, a star athlete, good in his studies, my older sex buddy. I would have been doing anything for him. I got through that first time, he was so strong, and beautiful Bill was, and how much he wanted to take my cherry.

After that first time, things changed between us. It was like his cock in my ass had changed me into a fag - that's what Bill thought, I guess - but he was still the All-American stud. Like he had taken a part of my manhood away from me and added it to his own. I was supposed to be a real macho when we were alone - swaggering, screwing, keep a tight lip. All of which made me more of a pussy man, and more submissive and eager to please him. We were assuming roles, something I was too unsophisticated to fully grasp.

Bill stopped sucking me after that. He was the one who showed his hard white cock, and I was the one who got on his knees and sucked. He wouldn't even touch my cock. If I wanted to come, I had to beat off, while he stood over me with his cock in my mouth. He became more aggressive about it, too, telling me how to do it - "Suck harder, man." Slow and easy. Alan? Eat me. I was supposed to be sucking his meat. Or taking over when he was too tired to hold me by the ears and pumping my ass into his face. Sometimes he even called me names - cocksucker, faggot. His tight end. That was the worst part.

It was all very different from the gentle, mutual sucking of the year before. Bill was the horny stud who took care of his dick. A lot of it bothered me, but I was crazy about him. I even let him screw my ass six or seven more times that year. I never really got off on it, but I wanted to give him whatever he wanted.

We were still friends as well as sex partners. He didn't lord it over me except when we were alone, and he was horny. Still, I went through a lot of shit for Bill. I had lost interest in girls about the time I took up with him. He kept his regular girlfriend, a big busted brunette cheerleader. Everybody knew Kathy was letting him fuck her. I was crazy with jealousy, and that made me all the more anxious to be what Bill wanted.

Then Bill graduated and left for California, and I spent my senior year masterbating and thinking about him. We wrote each other occasionally - nothing intimate, and no substitute for having his lean, hard body above me on the nights I lay in my room and beat off for hours. When I graduated I called him and asked if I could come visit. He said yes.

The week I spent getting ready was full of fantasies. Bill would open the door, smiling. I would step inside and throw off my duffel bag. Then he would take me in his arms and kiss me - for the first time, because we had never kissed. He would undress me, and when I was naked, he would push me to my knees. I would look up at his face, so happy to be back - he would take out his cock and tell me to suck it. I could close my eyes and see it. After such a long time apart, he would want to reclaim my ass. I could tell him, honestly, that no one else had had it, as I walked naked to his bed to lie face down, spreading my legs for his



# CASTRO STATION

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cock.

It wasn't really Bill's cock I was lustful for. It was Bill. His cock was just the part of him that he gave me to love.

Now, riding in the cab of Reed's rig, thoughts hovering between Bill and the big man beside me, and the sun-bleached New Mexican flatlands, I noticed Reed's basket and stared. It was curiously more than anything else. I didn't know yet what a man and his cock could do to me. Bill had taught me about being in love. Reed would teach me about something darker and deeper.

Bill didn't fade from my thoughts as I studied the blond trucker, in my slight experience. Bill and sex were the same thing. I couldn't think of one without the other. As I looked at Reed, so big and silent, and so close I could smell his body, I felt Bill's hands in my hair, and Bill's strong thighs pressed against my face.

I was too shy to send any signals to Reed, and probably too naïve to pick up any signals if he was sending them to me; but I think he was as cool as I remember. I sat there with the constant but, on the other hand, I can maintain, woozy and horny from the desert heat, trying to keep my hands off my crotch and Reed drove, hardly noticing me.

I looked down at the boner outlined in my pants, and saw how small it looked compared to the soft bulge in his. He kept reaching down to grope himself — his crotch was itchy with sweat like mine, I guess — and that made me want to touch him there, to explore the difference for myself.

Then I noticed the diamond ring on his left hand. I sank inside.

Reed glanced over. He smiled. I felt like I had to say something to cover how turned on I was, and distract him from the hard-on down my pants leg.

"That's some wedding band," I said.

He looked puzzled, then glanced at the ring and laughed. "Shit, that's no wedding ring. No woman gonna tie me down 'til I'm too old to hit the road and take my pussy where I want. That's my security ring. My old man says, 'Reed, give some money in a ring, so if you boys have something on your person to pawn. Claims that's what saved his skin one time when he got his rig stolen in Oklahoma. I've never had to use it, but I do like daddy told me to'."

I just nodded.

After a couple of hours, Reed pulled the rig over in the middle of nowhere. He said he was busting to take a leak and couldn't wait for the next stop. He left the engine running, got out and walked around to my side of the truck.

I tried to sit still, but my curiosity got the better of me. I poked my head out the window and looked down at him, hoping for a look at his cock.

I couldn't see much — then Reed looked up and saw me staring.

I must have had a strange look on my face; certainly the look he shot back at me was odd enough. He turned his hips toward me, still pissing, and I caught a glimpse of the big thing he held in both hands before I jerked my head back inside, hot with embarrassment.

After a few moments the driver's door opened. I was going to keep my eyes straight ahead, but from the corner of my eye I saw that something had changed.

Reed had taken off the cab-in shirt. He baled it up and tossed it on the seat between us, then settled back to start rolling again.

I tried not to look. He seemed as straight as they come, and I was always afraid that men could see through me to the cocksucker Bill had made out of me. But after a few minutes I began stealing hungry glances.

I could see the whole length of his arm now, the way the muscles flowed up and resided in his brawny shoulders and neck. I glimpsed the wisp of hair on his armpits, frazzled with heat and leaking streams of perspiration down his sides, and the curly dark blond hair that showed above the low neck of his A-shirt. The fabric clung to his moist flesh, molded tight to the twin mounds tipped by

nipples that pressed like shallow cones against the cloth. The shirt had pulled free of his pants and rode in tight folds over the contours of his stomach and lower chest. A single ridge of abdominal muscle was exposed in the gap between his belt and the hem of his shirt.

He glanced over and saw me staring at that naked strip of skin; saw too, I'm sure, how quickly I looked away. "Too hot for that damn shirt," he said.

I thought, *I hope he was teasing me.* But if he was, the message was going straight over my head.

The heat and the tension made me groggy. I dozed, dreaming something about naked muscle and dark blond hair and thighs framing Reed's knuckles, poking my ribs, awakened me.

"Hey, you were starting to snore," he said.

I blinked my eyes. "Grass," I said.

Then I realized that my right hand was in my lap, closed around the bulge of my erection. I snapped it away, wondering if he had awakened me because I was starting to get carried away — and worrying about talking in my sleep.

"If you're awake now, why don't you reach in that glove compartment and find me the route map, the one that says A on it."

I opened the compartment door and searched through the crumpled receipts, half-used matchbooks and empty Marlboro packs. I also noticed a couple of well-thumbed paperbacks.

Any teenage male can recognize a porno book ten feet away. They come in solid colors. One of these was green and the other hot pink. I held my breath and turned them so I didn't attract the spines, hoping *Reed wouldn't notice*. But the titles told me what I didn't want to know; my vague fantasies about Reed hit the pavement.

The green book was called *His Oriental Slavegirl*. The pink was *Truckstop Whores*, with the subtitle, *They Tied Her Up and Took Her Three Ways*. I shoved them to the back of the compartment and hurriedly found the map.

Reed checked the route and saw that we were only a half hour away from the Mountain Rest truckstop outside of Santa Fe.

"That's the end of my day," he said. "I'm gonna eat at the diner and take a room at the motel for the night. You got enough money to split the room with me?"

I nodded, and felt my pulse quicken.

"Well, you seem to be an alright kid, even if you are a little quiet, and I get tired of these long days on the road alone. If you want to go all the way to Santa Fe, we can probably work something out."

"Yeah, thanks man. That'd be a big help to me."

He looked over and grinned at me, and scratched his crotch.

We reached the truckstop. Reed parked and put on his shirt, then we went in to eat.

When we finished dinner, I looked through my duffel bag for my money roll. It was gone.

It must have been stolen that morning, before Reed picked me up. I tried to think back and figure out how it had happened, but I was so groggy I couldn't remember.

"What's wrong?" Reed asked.

"Oh, shit. Somebody robbed me. Must have been back in whatever the hell that fucking truckstop was called. Back in Clovis." I shook my head. "What am I gonna do now? I don't even have enough cash to pay for my meal."

Reed sat back and folded his arms. I could tell by the look on his face that he was genuinely sorry for me.

After a moment he leaned forward and touched my forearm. "Look, don't sweat it. It's not that big a deal anyway. I'll take care of the check. And I'd be paying for the room anyway. Hey, cheer up. Smile for me."

I tried, it wasn't too hard, with his big hand still resting on my forearm.

He paid at the cash register. I wanted to use the change in my pocket — all I had left — to cover the tip, but Reed wouldn't hear of it.

I waited outside the motel office while he got the room. He said a single rate would be cheaper than a double, so we ended up in a room with only one bed. I prepared myself

for the excitement — and the frustration — of sleeping next to him.

We put our things away. Reed said he wanted to hit the bar at the cafe for a couple of drinks before he went to bed, and invited me along. I was flattered that he would want my company, but I wouldn't have felt right having him buy me drinks; I said no. He suggested I hit the shower. He'd want to rinse off when he got back.

The motel room was like any other. A big bedroom with a tacky print over the bed, and at the far end of the room, a recess with a dresser and mirror, a closet with sliding doors, and a bathroom tucked in the corner. I took a long hot shower and tried to forget that I was hundreds of miles from home with only four quarters and a dime in my pocket. Tonight, at least, I had a full stomach and a roof over my head. And I was with Reed. He made me feel protected and taken care of. And he was beautiful.

After the shower I put on a fresh pair of undershorts and paced the room, horny and bored, but afraid to start taking off my undershorts. I pulled the curtains and looked across the parking lot, where I could see the bar and another row of motel rooms.

The door to the bar opened. Reed stepped out. He held the door open. A woman with long dark hair walked him out.

They walked down the row of rooms, talking and laughing. I felt a stab of envy, like I had always felt about Bill and Kathy. I couldn't stand it if I was going to have to lie awake and think about Reed and the brunette in her motel room, his big cock shoved hard and deep up her cunt, while I was stuck with just my fist for company.

They stopped at one of the rooms. The brunette took her keys out of her purse and unlocked the door. Reed tried to follow her inside, but she pressed her hand against his big chest and stopped him. They stood in the open door, talking and kissing. Finally she slipped inside, leaving Reed alone on the doorstep.

I watched him stand his fist angrily against his thigh, then turn to cross the parking lot. I let the drapes fall shut and got on the bed.

After a few seconds the lock rattled and the door swung open. Reed muttered something about "fucked-up women." He said it to himself, not to me, so I didn't answer.

He noticed me on the bed and gave me a friendly smile. "Don't ever bother to buy her a drink if she's got a wedding ring on her finger," he said. I just looked at him blankly, then reached for the chamber of commerce magazine on the bedside table.

"I'm gonna wash up now, okay?"

"Sure," I said.

He started stripping, right in front of me. I watched him over the top of the pages. First his boots and socks, then he peeled off the tight, sweaty jeans, molded to his skin like warm plastic.

He unbuttoned the red and white cotton shirt and shrugged it off. Then he turned back to me as he pulled the clinging undershirt over his head, and pushed his underwear over his thighs to drop to the floor.

My cock was getting stiff again. His nakedness was an energy, charging the whole room. I had been dreaming, all day, of his body. Now I saw

His legs were sturdy and thick, no smooth contours, knotty with muscle and veins. The cheeks of his ass, like his pecs, pushed out big and round. Not a trace of fat, the skin looked smooth and hard as marble. From the waist down he was creamy white.

From the waist up he was only slightly tanned, except for his brown arms, the left one darker than the right. His back was broad in the shoulders, narrow in the waist, divided into two rippling planes by the deep, silky crease down his spine. There were two dimples in the small of his back, just above the abrupt flare of his buns.

He walked toward the bathroom, and for an instant I saw him in profile — the opposing thrusts of his pecs and ass, the width of his arms and legs above and below the incredibly thinness of his waist. And my second glimpse of the thickropy muscle that swung between his thighs.

I heard the water start running. Steam billowed from the bathroom — he had not bothered to close the door. I threw the magazine on the floor and turned over on my stomach. I gripped the top edge of the mattress and pressed my body against the bed, closed my eyes and thought about him naked in the shower, slick with soap. I ground my hips into the mattress. I could still hear the shower running, and felt safe to fall into a steady rhythm of rubbing my whole body against the bedspread, making my bare back feel good under my undershorts. I shut my eyes tight and imagined a cock before my face. I parted my lips and made a moan to help the fantasy.

Suddenly I felt his hand on my back.

He had returned to the bedroom — forgotten something, I guess. I turned my head, embarrassed that he had caught me that way. My whole backside must have flushed red. I wondered how long he had been watching me, and if he could tell somehow that I was thinking about him. I kept my eyes closed and my face hidden in the pillows.

Then his other hand was on my backside, pressing against the thin cotton. "Don't stop on account of me," he said in a low voice. I caught a whiff of the bourbon on his breath. He pressed his hand rhythmically against my buns, and I understood that he wanted me to keep humping the bed. Slowly, heart pounding, I rubbed my groin against the mattress. My cock seemed to have grown more sensitive with his hands touching me, and the pleasure took over my inhibitions. I masturbated against the bed, faster and harder as he held me down and squeezed my buns.

Then he grabbed the waistband of my shorts and slowly pulled them down to bare my ass. The elastic caught on the bottom edge of my cheeks and stayed there.

I became incredibly aware of my exposed ass. His hand returned. The calloused palm brushed softly over my naked cheeks as they tightened and flexed. Then I felt the solid ridge of his fingertips press into my crack, not quite touching my asshole.

It seemed to go on forever. I kept my eyes shut and hunched the bed in jerks until I was on the verge of coming. Reed stood over me, pressing me flat with his left hand between my shoulder blades while he rubbed his right over and around the slopes of my contracting ass, gingerly slipping his fingers into the hidden cleavage.

Suddenly his hands were gone. I heard a loud breath exhaled above me and saw Reed's shadow on the wall. He left me like that, shamelessly humping the bed with my naked ass reared up. I dared to open my eyes and caught a glimpse of him before he disappeared into the bathroom. The thing between his legs had grown even bigger. It stood out stiffly from his belly, white and smooth as a branch from a birch tree. It was the first part of his body to disappear around the corner.

I got under the covers and leaned against the headboard with my knees bent, fisting my cock under the tent made by the bedspread. I listened to the sound of the water rushing in the shower, and I put myself on the edge of shooting. I could still feel his hand on my ass, as if his touch had singled me.

The water stopped, and I froze. I listened to him drying off. Then I saw his shadow cast onto the sliding closet door opposite the bathroom.

The shadow was broad and elongated, making it look like it was cast by a giant. It emphasized the width of his shoulders and the symmetrical mass of his thighs. Then he turned sideways, and I saw his profile in shadow — a tall, lean column of a man. The shadow of his cock, like a splinter from the main body, stood out from the narrow shadow at a steep angle, long and thick.

I watched as he bent slightly at the waist — he must have been standing over the toilet — and gripped the shadow club in one hand. He stroked himself, first slowly, then faster and faster; and the shadow cast by his cock grew bigger. Then he took it in both hands, so that I could no longer make sense of the silhouette. He bent over. I heard his breath from the bathroom, ragged and short. Then a stifled moan, and I knew he was coming.



I slipped low in the bed, completely deflated. He had considered me and rejected me, preferring to use his own fist.

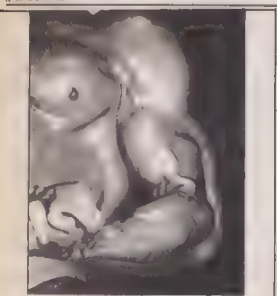
I pretended to be asleep when he came into the bedroom, but I watched him through barely opened lids. He had dressed in a fresh white undershirt and white underwear — I guess that was what he had come back for when he discovered me humping the bed. I wondered if he didn't ordinarily sleep in the nude, like I did, and wore them for my benefit.

But the effect was more erotic, to me, than his simple nakedness. The A-shirt was like the one he had worn in the truck, tight and sheer. His briefs were breathtakingly small. I had never seen anything like them — I didn't know they made such sexy underwear for men. They were cut very low below his navel, I saw why his basket rode so high and compact inside his jeans; the briefs barely contained his penis, hugging them tight and firm. There was a bulge in the front like two clenched fists. In back, the briefs couldn't contain his ass. The waistband managed to hide the beginning of his crack, but the bottom third of each meaty cheek was exposed. The hem of his shirt and the top of the briefs didn't meet. A circular strip of flesh showed two inches above and below his navel. The fair skin looked dark, framed by the clean white cotton.

I must have convinced him I was asleep. At least he acted as if I were. He flicked off the light and joined me in the bed.

I lay quiet and stiff until I heard him snoring softly. Then I slipped out of the bed and tiptoed to the bathroom. I closed the door and turned on the light.

There were gobs of his come still clinging to the underside of the raised toilet seat. I clutched the erection inside my shorts and scooped up a string of the stuff with my fingers. I stared at it till my eyes hurt, thought about the man it had come from and the cock I still had barely seen. I put my hand to my mouth and licked up the cool, congealed semen.



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Bill's come had always had a bitter tang that made me choke. Reed's tasted strong and smooth and rich. I dropped to my knees and licked a gob from the rim of the toilet bowl. I held it in my mouth; it melted and turned slippery on my tongue.

I switched off the light and knelt in the total darkness of the small room, holding Reed's load in my mouth, trying not to swallow, wanting to keep it there. When I had taken the full taste of it I raised both hands to my lips and let the spit and semen dribble out. I took my cock out of my shorts and smeared it with Reed's come.

Suddenly the darkness was not complete. A strip of light showed under the bathroom door. He was awake.

I froze and listened to the silence. Then a rustling sound, as if he were getting out of bed. I panicked. I stuffed my cock back inside my shorts. My heart jumped into my throat, thick as a fist. I had to do something. I scrambled to my feet, clumsily opened the door and stepped into the soft light.

I stepped around the corner and saw him, sitting up in the bed, covered by the bedspread from the waist down. The look in his eyes flustered me. I cranked my eyes to his chest, then to the bulge in the bedspread between his legs, slowly being kneaded by his hand.

He reached over and flicked off the light. The tall neon motel sign outside, alternately red and blue, penetrated the drapes and filled the room with vague, colorless light.

I stood still, letting my eyes adjust to the dimness. Then he spoke. He was like a stranger on the bed; I had never heard that voice before.

"Come here," he said.

I walked the length of the bed, miles and miles until I stood beside the dark mass of his body.

## PART 2

I was dizzy suddenly. Tension, excitement, apprehension. Points of light whorled across my pupils like shattering electrons. They faded as my breath returned and my eyes adjusted to the darkness of the motel room.

The mass of Reed's torso, propped against the headboard, grew more distinct. His white A-shirt seemed to glow softly, like dying radium.

My own body radiated warmth, as if the heat of the day, baked into my muscles, was escaping through the skin. I stood beside the bed, trembling in the knees, and looked down at him.

He turned on his side and looked me up and down. He stayed half under the covers, squeezing his hidden erection through the sheets. He stared at me for a long time. Finally he spoke, in that same strange voice that made me feel as if it were a total stranger on the bed.

"Take off your shorts."

I tried to take a deep breath, but my chest was tight, as if there were a band of iron around it. I slid the shorts over my thighs and down. As I bent over I felt the tip of my cock jab against my belly. I avoided seeing it, embarrassed by its hardness.

Reed stared at me, naked, shivering — with excitement, with fear. Then he reached out and took my cock in his hand. I closed my eyes and moaned, hoping he would stroke it, wanting him to rub his wasted come, that I had scooped from the toilet seat and smeared over my cock, deeper into the silky flesh.

But he only squeezed it, as if he were testing the size and hardness. At the same time he squeezed his own erection through the sheets. Then he released me and leaned back.

Again, he stared at me, rubbing his meat. I was afraid to touch myself with him watching. So I stood, painfully aware of my nakedness and the hardness of my cock, and waited for Reed to tell me what he wanted.

I tried to look at anything but his body, but the constant, subtle kneading of his hand drew my eyes to his crotch. The curvature of his hand defined the thickness of his cock, thick as a baseball bat. I tried to see the exact outline beneath the covers, but the darkness and the folds of cloth defeated me. Then he squeezed the end of his cock and smoothed the sheet down the length, molding it over his hardness. I saw the shape and the massiveness. I gasped and looked up at his face. He was watching me to see my reaction. He smiled then, and patted the far side of the bed.

"Lie down. Here. On your belly."

I hesitated, then began to crawl over him to take the place he indicated. But when I was above him, on my hands and knees, he stopped me with his hands and pushed me down so that I lay across his lap with my legs over the edge of the bed. My crotch was on top of his. I felt his erection through the cloth, like an arm beneath my belly.

My ass was raised up, right under his nose. I flushed hot again — more desert heat escaping — embarrassed at being exposed like that before a fully covered man.

I grabbed the far edge of the mattress and tensed my body, hiding my face from him. Then I felt his hands on my ass. At first his touch was tentative, almost shy. He trailed his fingertips over the muscles, pressed against the firmness, and his palms flat and spread the fannies. I reacted as he had wanted me to before, flexing my cheeks and pressing my groin down — not against the bed now, but against his hard cock.

His touch grew more confident and aggressive as he took possession of my backside. Using both hands now to press the cheeks together then pull them wide open, grabbing handfuls of flesh and mashing, digging his fingernails into the skin, slapping gently. It hurt. It didn't hurt. I ground my crotch into his, thinking less about my own cock, and more about his. I stroked his erection with my groin, and surrendered to his hard hands on my ass.

He stopped for a moment. His hands left me. I heard him draw a deep breath. Another pause. Then he slapped

my ass, so stinging hard that I cried out and lifted my head. My body went stiff again. Reed's fingertips played on my ass again, almost tickling. I relaxed. I felt his cock beneath me. The heat in my ass spread through the middle of my body. Soon I was hunching him again.

He drew his hand back. I clenched my teeth, knowing now what would come next. I felt my buns draw up tight like nuts on a cold day.

He took his time. My ass began to tense and relax, all on its own. Then I felt his touch, and flinched. But his hand came down softly, massaging me till melted again.

Suddenly his arm flashed up and down. The blow, more painful for all the anticipation, made a loud crack in the darkness. I writhed across his lap, giving up to him completely.

He paused again. I waited for the next slap. Instead, he reached to the bedside lamp and switched it on.

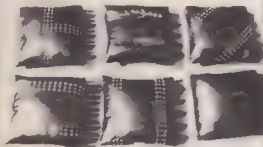
The room seemed brightly lit after the darkness. I wanted him to turn it off, so I could feel protected and secret again — not exposed and naked, stretched over a strange man's lap and letting him beat my ass.

But he left the light on. He made me open my thighs and lift up while he pulled my cheeks apart. Then he probed the crack with his fingers and tugged at the short hairs, examining my asshole under the lamp as if he had never looked at one before. I don't think that he had ever fucked a man; but he had figured out my game and knew I would let him. But first he wanted a good look at the opening between my cheeks, before deciding to stick his monstrous cock inside.

It made me feel heless and degraded. Like it was all up to him. If he felt like sinking his meat into me, he would do it, expecting me to take whether I wanted it or not, whether it hurt or not. Something made me give in, just as something had kept me stretched over his lap while his hand stung my ass, and kept me there while he inspected my backside. I felt the heat of the lamp on my skin — or perhaps it was the burn of his handprints.

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I felt his finger slick on my asshole - he must have wet it with his spit - and figured he was about to throw a bone up my asshole, the way that Bill sometimes did, before fucking me. But Bill had never slapped my ass. And Bill's cock was nothing like the long, thick ridge I felt throbbing through a layer of sheets and sheer nylon briefs.

At that moment I realized how badly I wanted Reed to fuck me. Bill's six inches had been enough to screw me to the locker room wall, to make me bend over and open in submission. I sensed Reed's cock, sensed it beneath my belly huge and warm. I knew it would split me open, wreck me, pound me till I was quivering meat inside, release the part of me that I loved and hated, that was groveling and submissive. At that moment, I knew how badly I wanted it.

But his finger didn't enter me - he just slid it all around and over the hole, pressing gently, teasing me. Gathering more spit from his mouth and spreading it over my buns to make a loud sharp crack when he slapped. I worked my hips and ass, a little at first, then more and more as I got into it. Begging with my body the way I wasn't yet ready to beg with words. Asking him, please, to fuck me with his finger.

Suddenly he pushed me onto the other half of the bed, on my back. Then he was over me, straddling my waist with his knees. I saw only one thing, the massive relief of his hard-on, cradled sideways inside those sheer white briefs. I reached for it with both hands. My fingers closed on its glant curve. I felt its bulk and its heat through the slick nylon. I opened my mouth and sobbed.

Then I groaned in frustration as he grabbed my hands and pressed my arms down along my sides, trapping my wrists between my hips and his knees.

I looked up. I took him in with my eyes. All of him. His wild blond hair, the beard beginning on his jaw. And the look on his face - eyes narrow, lips parted, an out of it look, dangerous. And his body, rearing menacingly above me, so powerful - I was flat on my back, and the low angle

of my vision accentuated the way his chest and shoulders flared up and out from his flat belly. His cock looked thick as his corded forearms - still hidden from me, just as his sculpted chest and stomach were hidden beneath the tapered muscle shirt. His clothing made me acutely aware of my nakedness again, and of my exposed cock, lying rock hard against my belly for him to see. I couldn't even cover it with my hands.

He stared at my cock - I felt it soften from embarrassment. Then he took it in his hand, not to stroke and pleasure it, merely to examine it in the light, the way he had examined my asshole. He looked displeased and I softened more, as if my cock were cringing. I thought of what he was used to, his own cock in his hand, in both hands, and how small mine must feel to him, how little there was of it - and I wanted at least to be hard and big as possible as he weighed me in his palm.

But Reed had no interest in my cock. He lifted up for a moment, still keeping my wrists trapped by his knees, and told me to open my legs, then he stuffed my shaft, soft enough to bend now, between my thighs.

"Close your legs tight," he said. "Hold it there, out of sight. Where it belongs."

Reed stared down at me, naked below him with my arms trapped at my sides and my cock hidden between my legs. His breath came ragged and heavy and a glaze fell over his eyes, making them look distant and determined. He squeezed his basket, two-handed, and blew out a sharp gasp, baring his teeth.

Then his strong hands were on my body, stroking the triangle of wiry hair above my downturned cock and the inner curve of my thighs, running over my belly and onto my hairless pecs, pulling the muscles up in generous pinches, shaping and kneading them, mashing my nipples into peaks and flicking his fingertips over the sensitive tips grown erect from his touch. I had always been self-conscious and shy about my chest, ever since my body changed in adolescence. I had been skinny as a kid, but in junior high the parts of me that had been thin and angular fleshed out in what I thought was an almost feminine way; my pecs had grown full and firm with a rounded, smooth look, and my nipples had become large and pointed, like shallow cones. Later I would learn that other men liked to touch them, especially the nipples. But they had always embarrassed me, so obvious and large in a T-shirt, different from most of the other boys with their flat, narrow chests. Now Reed fondled my pecs, and I knew he was touching them the way he would a woman's breasts, and I flushed with embarrassment, because I wanted it. He spat into his hands and rubbed his mucous glossy and thick into the triangle of my pubic hair and all over my tits until the two mounds of muscle glistened in the light.

Reed circled his big hands around my neck and crouched low atop me - I felt the bulge of his cock press into my groin again, and his mouth on my pecs, stroking long and slick with his tongue, wetting them all over with his spit. Then his mouth moved to the tips to kiss my nipples and nip with his teeth. A good feeling spread through my chest, warm and deep, like the ache in your legs after a long run, or the satisfied feeling Bill had always left in my throat after he fucked my face. The pleasure was pierced when Reed bit the nipples - a sharp, sweet pain then, in the midst of the pressing warmth.


He bit harder and moved up to the very tips of the brown cones, till the mixture of pleasure and pain was unendurable and my body resisted on its own, twisting and bucking against his attack.

In the thrashing, my hands worked free. I grabbed his hips and sensed the power waiting there, and ran my hands up the sides of his chest. I knew he was broad and massive, but only with my eyes. I wanted to know by touch, wanted to feel his bigness. Then I took his face in both hands, wanting to pull his mouth up to mine, wanting him to kiss me, like Bill had never done, while he made love to my tits.

He sank his teeth into my nipple, so hard I squealed from the pain. Then he released it and looked up at my

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face. There was anger, or something that looked like anger, in his eyes. He grabbed my wrists and pushed them down, caught them again between my hips and his knees.

"Hands off, cocksucker." He growled the words. Then he laughed, I guess at the shocked expression on my face. He grabbed my hair in his fist and pushed my head back. He leaned low and flat, pressing his chest down on mine, and stared into my eyes. When he spoke, I could feel his breath on my face, still tinged with bourbon.

"Yeah, I knew five minutes after I picked you up. Knew I had a genuine little cocksucker in my cab." He forced my head back and ran his fingertips over my throat and collarbone. "Yeah, I could tell by the way you kept staring at my crotch. Musta looked pretty good to you, the way you kept licking your lips and swallowing. You could tell it was a big one, couldn't you? You guys can tell just by looking, can't you?"

He squeezed my throat. "This where it goes? This where you'd like me to put it? How's a young guy like you develop such a craving for cock, anyway? How long you been sucking dick?"

He stared down at me, gently pressing my distended throat between his fingers, waiting for an answer.

"I don't know," I whispered. "About three years."

"Three years, huh? Musta sucked a lot of cocks in three years."

"No. Not really. Just — one. One guy."

Reed ground his hips into my groin and pressed his hand over the ridge of my throat, framing it between his thumb and forefinger. "So. You suck him regular?"

I thought of Bill, of the hours I must have spent, over the years, with his cock in my mouth. "Yeah."

"You like it?"

"Uh huh."

You let him come in your mouth?"

"Uh huh."

"You swallow it?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't think about Bill anymore. All I could think of was Reed, holding me down and crushing me with the weight of his muscles. Yanking my hair sharp and sudden, speaking through clenched teeth.

"Huh? You swallow it when he'd shoot in your mouth?"

"Yes," I whispered.

Reed wrenched his head and curled his upper lip, as if what he heard disgusted him. "He suck you back? Was he as queer as you are?"

"At first... no. Not like me. He was more like you."

Suddenly, I was mad. Reed had no right to interrogate and insult me. I didn't like being called names. I hadn't liked it when Bill did it — but it had never stopped me. Bill had said things that made my ears prickle with heat — but even as he called me faggot his cock would be in front of me, sticking hard out of his jeans, slick with mucus dredged up from deep in my throat.

Reed was different. Taking his pleasure with my body as turned on as I was, the way he handled me. But depriving me, not letting me touch him, keeping his cock out of reach — and labeling me the queer.

I caught him off guard. I wrenched my arms free and pounded my fists against his hard body. We wrestled on the bed. I wanted to hurt him, but he was too strong and solid. He just laughed at me. He cuffed my ears and shoved me around, and in a few moments I was back under him, arms trapped and chest heaving. He pushed my cock back between my legs — it was rock hard again, it hurt. Suddenly I was afraid — naked in a strange place, miles from home, breathless and sweaty beneath a man stronger than me in every way. I had never felt such helplessness. I was close to crying; I tried not to let it show on my face.

Reed smiled. "You're pretty feisty for a cocksucker."

"Shut up!" I yelled.

His smile faded and he slapped my face, just hard enough to make me obey. I felt a single tear run down the side of my face.

His smile returned, just to the corner of his mouth, twisted. "I know what would calm you down. A big pacifier. Something big and warm for you to suck on."

He sat back on his haunches, giving me a chance to catch my breath. He ran his hands over his chest, making the muscles in his arms stand out. He squared his hands around the lower edge of his pecs, making the nipples push against the taut fabric. He slid his palms over the ridges of his stomach, onto the naked strip of flesh below his navel.

Then he wrapped both hands around the ridge lying sideways in his briefs and squeezed, pumping it till I could see the exact outline within the nylon — the board curvature, the veins, the head.

He peeled the briefs down, letting his cock snap free. He snagged the tight waistband beneath his balls, pushing the sack up and out to press against the bottom of his shaft.

I had seen it before — he had tauntingly allowed me to see it when he pissed against the truck, when he walked naked into the bathroom — but only from a distance. Now it was exposed and hard, huge and real in the light, inches from my face. The waistband pushed it straight up, so the head rested in the indentation between the second tier of muscle above his navel. I saw the whole length of it. To me, at that moment, it looked like anything but a man's dick — a club, a mallet, an animal cock.

The head was big but only slightly thicker than the shaft, resting on top like a German helmet, blunt and smooth at the tip where the slit was slightly parted, caking pearly fluid. The shaft was the same shape and width all up and down its length, like a perfectly sculpted column. It was oval in shape, except for the tube, thick as a finger, that pressed out from the underbelly. A few thick, wide y spaced veins coiled around the shaft, blue-green and throbbing. The whole thing had a swollen, rubbery look, as if it would be soft to touch despite its firmness.

Everything was in symmetry. There was no blemish or hair, no knotty wrinkles of flesh on his cock. Smooth and white as marble. As if nature had decided not to be careless for once, and make a cock as perfect and powerful and huge as its owner. It was beautiful, the way a face or an

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arm or an ass can be beautiful

I wanted it. I wanted to touch it with my hands, my lips, my tongue. I wanted to taste the translucent liquid leaking from the tip and running in thin trickles all the way down to his balls.

And I wanted it to touch me, wanted to feel it everywhere on my body — against my face, in my armpits, between my legs, lying heavy on my chest. And inside me as far down my throat as he could force it, and up my rear end, buried deep in my guts, stretching the hole as wide as my wide open mouth.

He spat in his hand, rubbed the saliva over the head of his dick and stroked, just the last four inches. He breathed in long steady draughts. His belly contracted to show his ribcage, his chest expanded with pleasure.

"Pretty, ain't it?" He looked down lovingly at his cock as he slowly stroked it. "And big, huh? About as big as they come." He looked me in the eye. "But I'll bet you like 'em big, don't you? That's what they say. Say you queer boys just can't get enough of a good thing. Like 'em as big as you can find 'em, right? Want that meat to cram your throat?"

And I answered, I was indeed turned in on his ways to speak. Angry not at him any more, but at myself, because what he said was true. My cock was hard between my thighs, and I wanted his cock in my throat, bruising and mpossibly huge.

"That guy — the one who was sucking regular for three years — he got something this big to cram down your throat?"

I stared at Reed's cock and shook my head.

"Then maybe you're not ready for it. I figure it's the kind you have to work up to. Meet a lot of whores along the highway — some of 'em pretty inexperienced I guess, 'cause I like 'em real young, about your age. It's made more than a few of 'em throw up. Yeah, lean over the bed and vomit, man, cause they couldn't take it the way I

wanted. 'Course I get pretty rough sometimes." The twisted smile reappeared in the corner of his mouth.

He hawked another load of spit into his hand and stroked his cock, angling it down so it pointed straight at my face. I raised my head and opened my mouth, straining to reach it. It hovered over my belly and chest, glistening with spit.

He leaned over to sniff the lamp. The movement brought his cock a few inches closer — my lips made contact with the spongy flesh of the head. I pressed my tongue into the moist slit. His cock reared me with a jerky discharge. The taste was the same — the ooziings I had scraped from the toilet seat. I held the tip of his shaft between my lips and sucked for more. He turned off the light and leaned back, drawing his tool out of range. I strained to follow it, mouth open and tongue curled over my lower lip.

His shaft was like oiled ivory now, bathed in the vague light of the neon filtering through the drapes. The only sound was the slick passage of his fist stroking the long cock from head to base, then sliding up to stroke again.

"Reed," I whispered.

No answer. Only the sound of his stroking fist.

"Reed."

The rush of his heavy breath, joined the sick crackling

"Reed," I whispered again. Plaintive. Grose.

"What you want, cocksucker?"

What I felt left no room in me for anger. His cock was growing larger before my eyes. The veins were swollen, casting shadows over the surface, the color of the moon. So beautiful it hurt to look at it. Better to take it out of sight, hide it down my throat.

"Please," I said.

"What you want? Cocksucker."

I gathered the strength to say it. "Please. Reed, in my mouth."

He ran his middle finger, the one with the ring over my lips, then around the inside between the lip and gum. He

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slowly pushed his finger in to the knuckle, then pulled out.

"And you'd swallow it, when I shoot? There was a bitch in Dallas." His voice was heavy with pause, breathing ragged. "Turned on her side and spit it out. Spit out my come. I had to whip her ass for that. I had to fuck her up the ass. Then I made her suck it again. Made sure she didn't waste it."

I didn't know if I could take it all in my throat. But I could like it all over, and I could fit the head in my mouth. I could take it when he shot. "Yeah," I said. "I wouldn't waste it. Come in my mouth. Let me swallow it, Reed."

He silenced me by stuffing his fingers in my mouth, all four. He threw his head back and his chest expanded. He stroked faster than began to jerk and moan. His head fell forward, eyes shut, mouth wide open. He crouched low and convulsed.

His fingers left my mouth, letting me release a sob of frustration. He cupped the palm of his hand over his cock-head, catching the long ejected ropes of semen. His face and his body twisted violently, then slowly relaxed.

He rolled his eyes up and stared at me, smouldering and crazy. Then he slapped his dripping palm over my mouth. Masses of his come, thick as hawked-up gobs of spit, ran into my mouth.

He smeared his slippery fingers all around my lips, up my nose, over my chin, onto my neck, covering my face with come.

His cock kept shooting, uncontrolled by his hand. I felt it throb against my belly, felt the spidery tracers of his load splash hot on my chest. With his hand still feeding me come, he scooped the wasted ooze from my pecs, rolled off me and slid his hand between my legs to smear his come over my downturned cock.

He turned his greasy palm up and down over the top of my shaft, and slid his other hand into my mouth, letting me snake my tongue between his fingers to lap at the webs of fluid trapped there.

Suddenly, a final unexpected jet of semen shot from his cock and splattered into my thigh. My body shuddered, and my cock exploded. His hand slipped down to catch my load and smear it everywhere between my legs - over my cock, my balls, the inside of my thighs and deeper, up the crack of my ass to the hole.

Now I convulsed while Reed watched with narrow, lazy eyes and held me between two hands - one hand speared between my legs, covering my cock and balls and asshole all at once, the other speared into my open mouth. As the tremors subsided, I looked into his eyes and I imagined that a ring of energy joined us, banded across his broad shoulders and down his right arm, entering me at the groin and running through my belly and chest to come out my mouth, and flow back into his hand and arm to his left shoulder. Then his hands withdrew and the ring was broken.

Reed rolled onto his back, crossed his hands over his chest and closed his eyes. His cock lay across his belly. His balls, loose and empty now, hung like heavy fruit over the edge of his briefs.

His shaft looked obscene. Bloating and soft but still massive, veins distended across the loose skin, throbbing with excitement. I was lying on my back, my legs spread wide. All his come, and mine, he had left with me.

My hands were free now. I reached over to touch it. Soft, warm, alive.

He felt the contact and pushed my hand away with a sleepy growl. He didn't open his eyes.

I slowly got out of bed and walked into the bathroom. I didn't turn on the light - not because I didn't want to bother Reed. Because I didn't want to see myself in the mirror. In the darkness I wet a hand towel with warm water and cleaned the mess between my legs and on my face. I considered rinsing my mouth, but decided I would hold his taste there as long as it would linger.

I walked back to the bedroom. Reed was as I had left him, except for his balls and cock, stuffed back inside his briefs. His breathing was even and deep. I slid between the

Suddenly I was tumbling to the floor. Reed shoved me out of the bed. He threw a pillow after me.

"I won't sleep in the same bed with no faggot," he said matter of factly. "Something else my daddy taught me." Then he laughed slightly, "Hell, you might molest me."

He chuckled again, while I crouched on hands and knees on the floor beside the bed, close to tears. But I didn't cry. I tried to make my mind a blank, and stay completely still. I held my breath and listened to his, easy to hear in the darkness, waiting for him to go to sleep.

His breathing settled. After a long time I was sure he was asleep. I did cry then, but just a little. Afterwards I felt better, clearer-headed. I stood up and looked down at him, trying to decide what to do.

I told myself I should leave. Reed despised me, his words were clear enough. I wanted to despise him, but I couldn't.

My money was gone, stolen. Getting to LA would be out of the question. Start hitchhiking then, in the middle of the night, try to make it back to Austin without eating. It was impossible. But how could I stay with Reed? How could I bear to wake up in the morning, on the floor?

I suddenly saw the solution. His billfold was on the dresser. I had seen that he carried plenty of cash. A fifty would be enough to get me home.

But I couldn't take his money. It wasn't the dishonesty that stopped me. No, I felt that if I took his money and left, after what had happened, that would make me another whore, like the women he talked about.

I was too tired and upset to think any longer. I just stared down at Reed's body and his face, beautiful in sleep. I looked at the bulge inside his briefs - always a bulge there.

Very slowly, I walked around the foot of the bed to the side where he slept. I stared down at him. I dropped to my knees.

Slowly, silently I lowered my face to his crotch. A heat radiated from his cock. I opened my mouth and touched my lips to the nylon, and felt the mass of flesh inside. I pressed my tongue against it and felt warmth.

In his sleep he spread his legs and raised his hips, and his cock hardened. It moved inside the briefs. I felt its uncaring with my mouth.

I pressed my face into it, waiting for contact. I opened my mouth wide and clamped it over the width. I ran my lips and tongue over it. Till the cloth was dark with spit. I wanted to pull his shorts down, lick it to steel hardness and swallow it whole.

One of his balls had slipped out of his shorts - I felt it against my chin, soft and covered with silky hair. I drew back and stared at it. Then I bent down and took it in my mouth. It was big, bigger than my own two balls together. I felt it jerk inside my mouth.

I reached down to my cock and squeezed it with both hands. I masturbated on my hands and knees while I held Reed's ball in my mouth.

I pressed my tongue, gently pressed it with my lips, worshipping it because of the taste it had put in my mouth, because it was the only part of him I could have and it was enough.

The room was very still. I squeezed my cock, as quietly as I could, afraid to break the silence. I came without a sound, shooting against the side of the bed. My body contracted and his ball slipped out of my mouth.

He must have been awake, at least at the end; as soon as I was through he turned onto his side, away from me.

I waited again, until I was sure he slept. Then I went back to the other side of the bed, where my pillow was, and laid down on my back. I had intended to put on my undershorts, not wanting to wake up with a naked erection. But I forgot. I fell asleep almost instantly.

(To Be Continued)



Illustration  
P

K. J. G. G.

## RUN NO MORE

CHAPTERS

By  
LARRY  
TOWNSEND

DID I SEE A GHOST OR DIDN'T I? THIS WAS THE QUESTION everyone kept asking me, and which I was still asking myself the following day. I had been a little too undone when we returned to the cottage to take Kurt up on his invitation. I simply wasn't ready for him. Instead of returning to the village as he suggested, I begged off and went to bed in the same room where I had slept the previous night. I must have been asleep when Jim crawled in beside me. Although it should have been, a time for monumental nightmares, I don't remember a thing from the moment my head hit the pillow until Alfred aroused me the next morning.

And I awakened to a glorious day! Brilliant sunlight streamed through both small windows above the bed. I could smell cooking odors from the kitchen, and for the first few seconds, I felt a carefree pleasure at simply being alive. Slowly, though, the events of the night before filtered back into conscious focus, throwing a short-lived damper on my enthusiasm. But I wasn't in the castle, and ghosts don't live by daylight. I shook the momentary doubts and bounded out of bed. Jim had gotten up some time before and was waiting for me in the kitchen.

"Kurt left word for you to meet him at the lift, if you'd like to go skiing," he said by way of greeting. "But if you're going, you'd better hurry. It's almost nine o'clock."

"Is Bert up?" I asked.

Jim nodded. "We had a light snow last night. He went down the road with Kurt about an hour ago . . . before the plow came up. The two of them, like a pair of kids, scooting right down the center like it was a proper run."

"Kurt was here, then?" I asked.

Jim nodded. "He was sitting in a chair in the corner, nodding his head in answer to my question. 'He left those for you. There's a pair of skis outside the back door.'"

"How'd he get up the hill?"

Jim shrugged. "Shank's mare, I guess. First I saw of him was when I came into the kitchen." He cocked his head to one side and grinned at me. "I think your friend Kurt was particularly disappointed not to see you. Alfred wouldn't let him waken you."

Although Jim's manner was deliberately casual, I thought I sensed some underlying displeasure . . . just a shade of concern that didn't manifest itself in his words. I might have commented on it, but Alfred appeared in the doorway to the front hall, carrying a dust mop and cloth. He placed them in a cabinet beside the sink, mumbling with his back turned to us: "I wish you people would solve your mystery and permit my woman to come back to work."

"You make a lovely *Hausfrau*," Jim remarked, and again I had the impression that his levity was somewhat forced. I could not imagine any reason other than the general tension we all felt, so I pushed the consideration from my mind.

"I hear you saved my virtue this morning," I said brightly.

"Well," Alfred replied, placing one hand on his hip and lapsing into a verbal imitation of Bernard Montgomery, "I simply can't tolerate such acts of perversity in my home. Terribly demoralizing to the troops, don't cha know?" He sat with us while I wolfed down a roll and a mug of coffee. "I don't know what passed between Kurt and yourself last evening," he added more seriously, "but I think you had better meet him."

"Your conquest has been complete," Jim stated flatly. "Ah, so nice to be young and beautiful. Blondes *do* have more fun, don't they?"

As before, I sensed the pique in his tone, but I continued to ignore it. "I thought that was just Yankee propaganda," I muttered. I was, more than a little flattered. I guess pleased with myself to have overcome the open hostility with which Kurt had originally greeted me. I wasn't pausing to consider the potentials or the obvious pitfalls of rekindling these old fires. Kurt had exceeded the limits the last time, and had presumed a lover relationship far beyond the bounds of my own reciprocation. But at the moment his interest inflated my ego, and I responded more to this and to my relief at having battered down the walls of his belligerence.

"How good are you on skis?" asked Alfred.

"Fair," I told him.

He walked outside with me and pointed out the route I should follow, indicating the hazards so I wouldn't break my neck. The lift and main slopes were all on the far side of the village, but by following Alfred's directions I was able to avoid the houses and I came out on the road where I could flag down the tram. The hotels paid for this small shuttle bus, which made its circuit about every half hour. I found Kurt and Edgar standing on the porch outside the building that housed the lower terminus of the lift. Bert, they told me, had just gone up.

Though obviously pleased I had come, Kurt was more reserved. He had been the previous morning, possibly annoyed with me for not having gone home with him. Edgar was his usual jovial self, giving me a playful pat on the rump as he helped me onto the swaying chair. As the morning progressed, Kurt's attitude thawed a bit, though he never responded with more than a restrained smile to the obvious joking between Edgar and myself. But Kurt seemed to relax more, even when Bert joined us and persuaded Edgar to pace him down the senior slope. Although I was competent enough on skis, I was far less skilled than my three companions. By rights, Kurt should have gone with them. I even asked him if he didn't have students or classes or something, but he assured me "it had all been taken care of."

The exercise and play made a break from our problems, which soon faded into the background and momentarily put aside. A couple of times, I thought Edgar was about to say something to me, but it seemed he was always interrupted by Kurt's arrival. It brought to mind my friend's previously possessive attitude, and reiterated the potential danger of letting our affair resume its former status. That Edgar might have wished to communicate something beyond a suggestion for a little fun and games did not occur to me. I sensed his attraction and . . . this was reciprocal in my own perfectly concealed interest. I would make a scene with him when and if the opportunity presented itself; I attached no significance to his actions beyond these parameters.

Bert was considerably more relaxed than I had seen him since my arrival. He raced me once and lost, suggested a second go and outdistanced me so badly I took my only bad spill of the day, trying to keep up with him. I was shortly after noon when this happened, and after I picked myself up I realized I had twisted my ankle. It wasn't a bad sprain by any means, but just enough to end my skiing for the day. I joined my uncle at the lodge, where we sat outside with cups of hot chocolate, watching the many people who sped down the trails. Kurt and Edgar had been behind us when I fell, and had helped me to reach the bottom. Once assured that I was all right, they had gone back up for a final run. Edgar came from New Hampshire, and was a better skier than either Bert or

myself, more in Kurt's class than ours. The two had decided to race down the east slope - the more difficult of the two "advanced" courses. I was later unable to recall which of them had made the original suggestion.

The outcome was nearly disastrous. The first we knew that something was wrong was when we saw the patrol start up on their snowmobiles, towing a couple of basket-stretchers. These were on runners, like sleds. The patrol returned with Edgar strapped to one of the conveyances. He had been wearing an orange jacket, which made him easy to recognize. Bert spotted him first, and we were at the first aid station when they brought him in. Kurt had followed the patrol vehicles, apparently unhurt and moving under his own power.

Edgar had gone off the trail at a sharp bend and had struck a tree. The patrol people had seen it happen and had started up before Kurt had time to summon them. He had managed to stop and had returned to his fallen companion, getting to him just before the patrolmen did. Edgar had been unconscious, and one of his skis was broken. Though dazed and incoherent when they brought him in, his actual injuries turned out to be little more than scrapes and bruises. This final determination, however, was not made until he had been sent to the village doctor in an ambulance.

The three of us were standing next to the stretcher when Edgar was loaded into the back of the vehicle, at which point he was just alert enough to grasp my wrist and ask me to go with him. I think Kurt had been about to make the trip, and seemed a little annoyed when I assented to Edgar's request and climbed into the back of the ambulance. The attendants would only allow one extra person to accompany a patient - a firm rule, I guess, in this particular community. One attendant got in with us, while the other leaped into the driver's seat and barreled down the mountainside, ringing his bell like a Gay-90s fireman.

Thus I rode into the village in the back of the swaying, clanging meat-wagon, holding hands with Edgar while the young man sitting on his other side pretended not to notice.

Periodically the patient's fingers tightened on mine and he tried to pull me toward him. Thinking he was just getting amorous in his delirium, I smiled and patted his shoulder with my free hand, encouraging him to lie back and relax. The ride into the village lasted only a few minutes, and we were just pulling into the alley behind the infirmary when Edgar managed enough strength to make me lean close to him.

"Kurt . . ." he whispered. "Kurt pushed me!"

The doctor had examined Edgar and pronounced him not seriously injured by the time Kurt and my uncle arrived at the little hospital. "But he had better stay here for a day or two," added the elderly physician. "He may have a slight concussion."

There was nothing we could do but leave. Edgar had been given a shot to make him sleep and he would probably be out for the rest of the day. Bert and I left our skis with Kurt in a storage area beneath the converted loft where he lived. We then hiked the mile and a half to Alfred's cottage. I kept thinking of Edgar's accusation, but it didn't make any sense. I could not think of any reason why Kurt would want to injure him . . . quite the contrary. Edgar had been staying at an inn near the edge of the village, and I assumed he had been having sex with Kurt. They had been extremely cordial that morning, with the only possible bone of contention being Kurt's sudden reversal of attitude toward me. If he had noticed the interplay of interest between Edgar and myself, I thought, it was just barely possible he had acted in jealousy. I wasn't quite vain enough to really buy the idea, but I also recognized Kurt's possessiveness as something more than justifiable by normal standards.

Still, I had to discount the entire possibility. More than likely, Edgar had been knocked silly when he hit the tree, and if Kurt had done anything at all, it had probably been an attempt to keep his companion from going off the trail. That was far more reasonable. I convinced myself. I decided to keep quiet until I'd been able to speak to Edgar again. I did not repeat his statement to anyone, not even Bert.

My uncle was silent and thoughtful as we trudged along the winding road. I don't think he was terribly concerned over Edgar's injuries; the doctor had assured us they were nothing to worry about. "I wish I could figure this out," he said at length. "If there is a ghost, which I'm beginning seriously to doubt, why is it only coming to haunt us now? Why not five years ago . . . ten? And if it's not a ghost, what the hell is it? And more to the point, who's making it happen and why?"

I agreed that it did not seem to make any sense, and we were still discussing the myriad illogical possibilities when we reached Alfred's doorstep. The caretaker was just coming out, his red and black stocking cap giving him the look of an over-sized gnome. "Back so soon?" he asked.

We told him what had happened, and he nodded sagely as he listened, his breath forming gray-white clouds before his lips. "The more dangerous the sport, the more we seem to enjoy it," he sighed. "I am glad Edgar's injuries are no worse."

"Were you going up to the castle?" I asked. We were still standing on the wooden porch and I was getting cold. I wanted to go in, or at least do something to keep the blood circulating.

"Yes," Alfred replied. "Would you like to go with me?"

I hadn't intended to do this, but decided I might as well. I glanced at Bert to see if he would come as well.

"You go," he said. "I'd like to lie down and do a little more thinking."

I looked sharply at my uncle, suddenly realizing that he was more disturbed than he was willing to admit. I was glad I hadn't burdened him with Edgar's suggestion of Kurt's malfeasance. Strangely enough, my own response to Bert's obvious strain was a desire to reach out and console him. It was a protective feeling, borne on an impulse I found completely out of keeping with any previous attitude. Bert had always been the strong, dominant father type - masculine image, as a shrink would have phrased it. He was, in all respects, such an unquestioned personification of strength and authority that I held back any display of my feelings. I would be the height of presumption. I let Bert enter the house without betraying the



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compassion I actually felt, and I followed Alfred as the old man walked to the gate and began to unlock the chain.

We climbed the long, curved ramp toward the front door of the castle, Alfred puffing heavily in the crisp cold air. He paused, finally, when we were a little over half way. "Are you all right?" I asked anxiously.

"Fine, fine," he assured me. "I must only rest a moment."

A few minutes later he seemed okay and we continued. "Have you any ideas?" he asked as we approached the weather-roughened portal. "Is there anything you would particularly like to see?" He fitted the ancient, heavy bronze key into the lock, concentrating on his manipulations and not looking at me as he spoke.

"No, I've drawn a complete blank," I admitted. "I just came along for the ride."

The old man nodded, standing back to hold the door for me. "Keep your eyes open," he said. "Sometimes a fresh viewpoint will see something the others miss."

His tone had been hesitant and doubtful, expressing the frustration he shared with the rest of us. It did nothing to ease my own anxieties, nor did the gloomy chill of the castle's high-ceilinged rooms and passages. As I followed Alfred through the various chambers, helping him feed the fires which kept the place from becoming a deep freeze, I was not really concentrating on the problem. I had exhausted every possibility, and now found my thoughts straying to an idle speculation on the peculiar dimensions of the building. While the ceilings were a good twelve to fifteen feet high, the doorways required a tall man to stoop. I was still reflecting on this, and drawing some irrelevant comparisons to the theories I'd learned in college, the evolution of man to a larger size, considerations of improved food and medicine allowing him to achieve his fuller potential, some factors working to prolong the lives of society's weaker members so these physically lesser creatures could reach maturity and reproduce. There was a contradiction in all this, and whereas my sociology prof had somehow managed to reconcile it, his logic escaped me at the moment.

Alfred led the way upstairs and into the master bed chamber, the room where Mr. Ludwig had slept and enjoyed what ever sensual pleasures had appealed to him. I let me see the pictures again. "I asked suddenly. Alfred turned and grinned. It had been the first thing I'd said in over half an hour.

"Are you getting an... inspiration?" he asked.

"No, just a hard-on," I said lightly. "I'd just like to look at His Majesty's... er... I added.

The old man pressed the concealed lever and a panel dropped back in the wall. Behind it was a short hallway, hung with oil portraits of youths in various poses and costumes... a few completely nude. It was a portion of the castle not normally included on a tour, probably because it reflected a side of the last ruling Bavarian that his democratic successors preferred to neglect... if anyone other than our own group even remembered the gallery was here. The delicate subject of the mad king's lavender tastes was assiduously ignored, of course, in every text I had ever seen.

While Alfred stoked the fire, I moved slowly down the passageway, holding a lantern at shoulder height as I examined the features of these regal paramours. I wondered exactly how each had served his king, and the idea occurred to me that one or more of them might have shared their master's nocturnal wanderings on the walls... might, in fact, have been mistaken by the villagers for the same spirit which seemed to haunt us now.

I paused in front of the picture I remembered best. It had obviously been painted in the dungeon, the subject sitting naked on the central block. His hair was long and honey-blond, his wide-set eyes a deep, deep brown... almost black. The only person I had ever seen with a similar ocular structure was Edgar, and as I continued to gaze at the model's attributes I noted several other kindred elements. The young man displayed the same eloquence of muscular beauty, heavy but lithe... like the athletes depicted in the sculptures of Ancient Greece. The skin was smooth as satin, very little hair to mar its surface. The features were large and overstated, just within the bounds of balance, really. Still, the overall effect was a

striking handsomeness and a reflected assertion of individuality.

I had backed away from the canvas and was trying to survey it as a whole. My eyes were drawn from feature to feature, moving from the peculiar beauty of the head and face, down the length of a slightly twisted torso, broad shoulders, narrow hips, heavy, powerful thighs spread outward to reveal an equine substantiality, set of genitals. The full, rounded balls were resting on the stone, fleshy cock canted slightly to one side, its weight casually tossed about the larger orb... cyclops eye peering intently through the shadows of foreskin. The boy seemed almost alive, to breathe, his body aglow against the drab background of fitted stone. His image had been reproduced with camera-like reality and preserved for eternity at the peak of its perfection. I was genuinely awed by the artist's skill.

I tried to recast the young man into the life space he must have occupied, into a personality of gentle acceptance, to see him as a being capable of love and passion. I wondered how he had responded in the darkness of his mentor's bedroom, or in the vaults where he had posed for his portrait. I raised the lamp again and looked more closely at his surroundings. The painter had rendered a faithful record of the chamber, reproducing it in proper perspective and relative size. Only his trick of shading slightly around the head to accentuate the contrast of hair to background was a deviation from absolute truth. I wondered what might later have befallen him, whether he had died in this full bloom of youth and vigor, or whether he had been compelled to watch it fade as his body passed through its stages of decline. From my vantage point in time, it seemed almost kinder if his lifespan had been shortened. Regardless, he was now long since in his grave, his beauty preserved only in the memory of the canvas.

Alfred called me while I was still deep in my pseudo-philosophical meanderings. His chores were completed, and it would soon be growing dark. "Shall we return?" he asked, "or do you wish to hunt about some more?"

"Let's go back," I said softly. I was still reacting to the portrait and to my own flight of foolish sympathies. I felt more than a little silly, grateful that no ESP factor allowed Alfred to read my thoughts.

When we returned to the cottage, Jim was asleep in the bedroom and there was a note from Bert on the kitchen table. A young man had come up from the village with a message, and my uncle had gone back with him to return the phone call. "Primitive existence!" he had added at the bottom.

"Well," I laughed, "I think I'll take advantage of your primitive facilities and bathe."

Although Alfred's little house lacked a telephone, it did have electricity and indoor plumbing. To take a bath, however, one had to heat water in a small electric tank above the tub. I was lying back in the hot water with a second ration being warmed in the metal container when Bert returned. I'd have to admit that I had been daydreaming in the sensual warmth

playing with myself if the truth be known. I heard my uncle open the front door and move through the house but it didn't occur to me he was going to come into the bathroom. When I heard the door slam I turned, coming to a full alertness, and in my involuntary guilt I cast about for some means of finding my hard-on.

"Oh, there you are," said Bert casually. He came in with no further invitation and perched on the edge of the toilet seat. "Did you find anything in the castle?" he asked.

"No... just took another look at the rogues' gallery."

"I had some interesting news from home," he continued in a conversational tone. He seemed aware of neither my consternation nor the receding fullness of my cock. His expression was thoughtful and his eyes focused entirely on my face. This made me relax a little, although I knew he was probably aware of "what and why." Very little ever escaped him, and in the past I had known him to pop up with some item of intelligence which I had been sure he had ignored at the time.

"Our friend Charlie has been gaoled," he said, "but they haven't gotten a statement from him. So far, his companions have avoided capture."

"Did they get your stuff back?" I asked.

"Yes. That's the strange part of it," Bert replied. "It was all being stored in a warehouse, but instead of trying to sell it they had taken apart almost every piece of furniture . . . not chopping it up, but disassembling it. Hal says he's been able to salvage the greater part . . . had it put back together and all. Obviously they were looking for something, but I can't for the life of me understand what it could be!"

"Maybe they really did think you had some jewels," I suggested.

"Pu-uf!" Bert waved his hand in rejection of the idea. "Any competent thief . . . and these were professionals . . . no doubt of that . . . any competent thief would know enough about his victim not to be so totally misled. No, they were looking for something that I either own or owned."

"Something small enough to be hidden between the boards of a place of furniture . . ." I mused.

Bert shrugged. "I've wracked my brain, but I'll admit I'm stumped. I'm going to waken Jim in a moment . . . see if he can come up with an idea."

Because of Bert's confidential attitude, it was again on the tip of my tongue to say something about the morning's incident. Yet I could not see its relevance, nor could I really believe that Kurt had deliberately shoved Edgar off the trail. The reason it all came to mind, I suppose, was due to my wanting to say something . . . anything, but no other thoughts entered my head. I badly wanted to take advantage of this moment to somehow bring myself closer to my uncle. I sensed it was the opportune time, and now I came up speechless.

Bert stood up, patting my shoulder as he rose. For the briefest instant I think his gaze flickered across my body. "Oh, hy the . . . your friend Edgar is out of the hospital," he added unexpectedly.

"I thought . . ." As Bert moved toward the door I turned, sloshing water over the side of the tub. "Didn't the doctor say he should rest for a day or two?"

Bert chuckled. "That was before Edgar woke up. The sedative wore off around three-thirty or four this afternoon. He got up, put on his clothes and left. Doesn't seem any the worse for wear, I must say."

"You've seen him, then?"

"Just before I left the village. He was going to the post office to pick up a package. Said he'd be up shortly."

I was out of the tub and dressed before Edgar arrived . . . with Kurt. This, in itself, was so unexpected it furthered my confusion regarding what might have happened that morning. The two men entered the house without the slightest sign of hostility or ill-feeling. Once we had all gathered around the table, Edgar opened his package. He handed each of us a small, inexpensive flash camera. "If it isn't really a spirit," he said, "we may be able to discover what it is by using these."

It had gotten dark outside by this time and my perception was probably as much a result of the light as anything else. But I was sitting across the table from Edgar. Alfred had installed one of those shaded put-down fixtures over his dining area. The way the glow from this reflected off Edgar's face, I was struck all over again by his resemblance to the nude youth in the painting. The model . . . while younger and of a lighter build, had probably been close to Edgar's height . . . long torso and short, powerful legs. Their coloring and general facial features were very similar: in the light, identical.

Edgar was showing us how to use the cameras, preparatory to our going into the castle that night. There was nothing very complicated about it, but neither Jim nor Alfred knew anything about photography. It took a little extra explanation for them. I noticed that Edgar broke off once, wincing as if he felt a sudden pain. But the others didn't seem to notice, and it passed as quickly as it came. Had I not been concentrating on his face I probably wouldn't have seen it either. Then, just as we were about to leave, he groaned and gripped his head. He dropped forward with elbows on the table, obviously in serious distress.

"The doctor was right. He does have a concussion," Bert said. He moved to Edgar's side and motioned for Jim to help him. Together they half-carried, half-led their unprotesting

companion into the bedroom which Jim and I had been sharing. Alfred followed, watching from the hall. Kurt and I remained standing in the middle of the table.

"He's all right, I'm sure," I heard Bert say. "But he must stay down for a day or so."

Kurt looked at me with a poorly concealed gleam of pleasure. "Maybe you had better stay with me tonight," he murmured. "There will be no place for you here." Almost as an afterthought, he spee'd his hand into mine. "Would you like to stay with me?"

It was a little abrupt . . . like dancing on someone's grave, I thought. But Edgar was far from dead, and from the attitude of the group I seemed unlikely we would go into the castle that night. Edgar was our expert. Without him our efforts would be largely wasted when the others returned to the kitchen, they were in the frame of mind I'd expected and Kurt announced that I would be going back with him. Jim, of course, would sleep with Bert. Whereas neither of them did more than nod in silent agreement, I wondered if I really detected a flicker of unhappiness across Jim's face. I shrugged it off and went outside with Kurt.

The roads were perfectly clear, scraped clean by the plows that morning, the residual snow melted and evaporated by the sun's warmth. Kurt had brought Edgar up on his cycle, a small BMW I was a bit apprehensive about. Climbing in the back, but he assured me there wasn't any ice on the asphalt surface. "The cobblestones in town may be damp and slippery," he said, "but we will not go fast."

I clung to his waist, sensing the muscle hardness through my gloves and the several layers of clothing. The idea of being with Kurt again was more exciting than I would have cared to admit. I had not had sex since arriving in Bavaria, although I had been surrounded by a trio of men to whom I was, variously attracted. But Edgar was out of action for a day or two, and Bert as aloof as he had always been. Strangely enough, I did not think of Jim in this context, although I had enjoyed his company and shared his bed. If I had stopped to analyze it more completely, I would have had to admit a closer bond of feeling with him than with any of the others. I was simply that he was always there, I suppose, no longer a challenge. Like a child with a chest full of treasured, familiar toys, I was seeking something I did not already possess. Unless I were threatened with the loss of the old, I tended to ignore it in favor of the new . . . at least the long-denied.

I was so eager to reach Kurt's pad I made no comment on his reckless speed down the mountainside, nor did I say anything when he maintained it through a wide, spreadeagled, jouncing passage down the village streets and around the sharp turns of the narrow alleys. A couple of times we slipped and almost fell, making it difficult for me not to interfere with the driver's balance.

We pulled into the parking area beneath his loft, and I followed him up the stairs to his apartment. The large single room was comfortably warm, heated by a coal stove in one wall and an open fireplace in the other. My host motioned me to a pile of cushions on the floor before the hearth, while he stoked the stove and added another log to the fire. I had taken off my outer clothing, as had Kurt, both of us dressed in jeans and flannel shirts when he dropped down beside me. He handed me a bottle of beer, from which he had taken a couple of pulls. "Would you like something more?" he asked.

I almost said: "More of what?" but Kurt's serious demeanor made it difficult to joke with him. Instead, I told him the beer was fine.

He slid closer against me, leaning back on the pillows while his hands roved slowly across the length of my body. "You are mine again," he whispered softly. "You are mine as you were before." It was not a question in his mind, but a pointed statement of fact. Although the warning light went on in the back of my mind, I didn't deny his claim and by my silence gave tacit consent. I was already trembling with excitement; it was certainly no time to turn my partner off or to argue with him. For this night, at least, I was his. I'd worry about the rest of it later.

He showed me back and began unfastening my shirt, swung himself about so he knelt astride my waist. The heat from the

fire swelled into my groin and my cock thrust upward against the cloth. Kurt settled lower, pressing the weight of his body against my loins as his fingers continued to work the fasteners. My eyes were closed when he pulled the shirt free of my belt. I made no move to help or hinder him, let him open the buckle and lift the center of my back to work the cloth from under me. He pushed the shirt over my shoulders and yanked the jeans down past my knees. Before I knew he was going to do it, he had dropped full length on top of me. His lips sought mine, forcing them to open in a kiss of passionate demand. It was purely physical, I told myself, just as it had been in the castle the night before... no tenderness or attempt to express a deeper attachment. Yet it stimulated a fuller range of response, and I grappled with him, pulling him... against me as the floods of desire rose like a heated tide and I no longer cared about the meanings or motivations of either Kurt's or my responses. His kiss was the kiss of an S, expressing lust and unquestioned possession and above all else... dominance.

The pattern was familiar, my responses were correct without my having to consider what I did. When Kurt released me and stood up with his feet planted firmly to either side of my thighs, I stayed where I was, unmoving and awaiting his command. Nor would I make any motion without his telling me. The roles were established and assumed... had been decided the previous summer, and regardless of my intervening experiences or my present frame of reference we both returned to the mode of that previous relationship. All thought of Bert or Edgar was gone; I saw only Kurt as I lay beneath the widespread arch of his legs, gazed up into the underside of his crotch. I could see the full potential of his cock, coiled and pressing hard against the cloth. Like myself, he was wearing long pants against the cold, their bulk restricted him but failed to hide the alert eagerness of his arousal.

He bent and unlaced my boots, yanked them from my feet and hauled the jeans completely off me. He commanded me to my knees and ordered me to strip the tight-fitting underwear. There was no fetish to this; it was distinctly anti-erotic and I was uncomfortable until I got it off. Kurt evidently felt the same. He moved around behind me, out of sight while he pulled the coverings from his body. When he returned to stand in front of me he was completely nude, his tall, hard body a wall of blackness except where the reflected glow of fire illuminated its outline. His half-risen cock brushed in a deliberately tantalizing arc across my cheek, but I made no move to take it. I must do only as I was told, and this conditioning was reinforced by the coil of leather belt which hung loosely suspended from his fingers. I felt a momentary hesitancy, a brief reluctance to submit myself completely. But I was too aroused to turn back. My senses were aflame and my body tingled with a blindly erotic urgency, was past the point of no return, in a stage where the specific expression my next word took was less important than the blanket need for fulfillment.

Kurt moved against me, grasping either side of my head and thrusting his face onto the lower part of my abdomen. My lips grazed the black, coarse patch of pubic hair, my nose pressed flat against the wall of warmth. Eyes closed and auditory passages blocked by the contact of his palms, I was guided by my other senses. I could smell a trace of soap, a mingled essence in the upward drift of pungent maleness. I could feel the rising pressure of his rod against my throat, visualized the semi-hardened core as it swelled within its velvet sheath. He lunged into me and I tasted the trace of salt from his sweat. The cockhead slapped against my throat with the gentle undulation of his hips, while the pressure of his hands increased, became a vise-like grasp and generated a roaring in my ears, seemed to drive into my brain as my skull creaked in its effort to withstand the stress.

Abruptly he dropped his head, let his hands fall onto my shoulders and pulled me forward. When he stepped back I had barely time to catch myself as I dropped full length onto the floor. Kurt shoved his foot down upon the center of my back and drew my hands together behind me. He held them there, encircled by the steely circle of his fingers while he started giving me instructions in a harsh, guttural tone which deliberately

emphasized his German accent. He told me not to move, to keep my hands in place and my eyes directed only downward. When he was sure I understood and would obey, he released his hold and I could hear him move to the far side of the room.

For several minutes he stood at a distance, taunting me by an occasional remark which punctuated the sounds of his other movements... the rustling of cloth, the muted click of fasteners or other bits of metal. As he returned, his heavy tread made it obvious he had put on boots; but more than this I was unable to anticipate. He leaned over me and an almost weightless chill passed across the surface of my skin... some appendage that dangled from his costume and eventually came to rest upon my shoulderblade. It moved with the shifting of his body, shifted free and fell again as he seized my lower arms and clamped a set of irons about the wrists. He fastened a metal collar around my neck... a mingled set of steel semi-circles secured in the front with a padlock. He lifted my arms higher on my back and secured the fetters to a chain which dangled from my neck. He took him less than a minute to do this, rendering me his captive and completely subject to his command.

His hands were under my shoulders, fitting me. I was aware of a dark blur of cloth, the gleam of metal fasteners... emblems... swastika! I was dropped onto the hard wood of the floor... not onto the cushions as I'd expected. The cold, solid surface struck the back of my head, the metal bands jarred against my wrists, but Kurt had set them and they didn't tighten. It had been a purposely rough usage, however, completely in keeping with the picture my captor now presented. His tall, hard body was more displayed than hidden by the fitted clasp of an SS uniform, only the cloth was different, more pliable and with a sheen like satin. It clung to every contour of his form, draped tightly across his chest and dipping into the concave recess of his crotch. His waist was bound by a wide leather belt, his gleaming black boots reached a most to his knees... SS insignia on his collar epaulettes on his shoulders... red band around his arm with the white circle and fisted black cross in its center. He towered above me, scarlet flames reflecting off the back. His expression epitomized the arrogance and all the fiendish aspects one associates with a Nazi. My own naked helplessness was accentuated by the contrast, and my awareness of this difference transformed itself into a stark, uncompromising desire to submit. Arousal clutched warmly at my groin, my cock stretched upward across my belly, where the muscles strained and flexed as I tried to lessen the discomfort of lying hard atop the rans.

For a fleeting second, Kurt's eyes locked with mine with an intensity that made them seem to vibrate... like a cat on the verge of its spring. "Why are you looking at me?" he demanded. He made a scooping motion with his arm, landing the doubled belt across my hip and side.

Immediately I dropped my gaze, staring down the length of my body where the flaring rise of my own cockhead blossomed above the sheen of the fire's reflection. I could see the answering swell along Kurt's inner thigh, the rounded cylinder of desire which tugged against the satin. *Simulated uniform... make-believe... make-believe...*

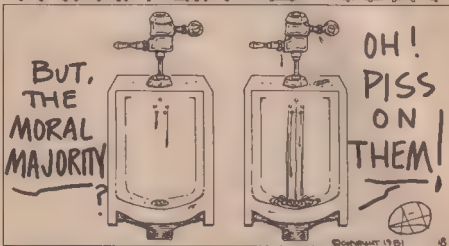
Unexpectedly, he bent over me and his fingers shoved my lips apart. He pushed a capsule into my mouth and commanded me to swallow. I wanted to ask him what it was, but his dominating posture was so complete and uncondone to question, I obeyed in silence. I was afraid, however, wondering if he had taken some of the unknown drug as well; and if he had what change it might bring about in his behavior.

The capsule seemed to hang in my throat, but I must not have accurately perceived its placement. A few seconds later Kurt seized my collar and yanked me to my feet. When he did, the room began to change its shape and the fire flared to engulf the entire wall behind me. I felt myself shrinking, while my captor grew in size... dressed in a costume of command while my nakedness made me his inferior, the slave upon whose flesh the master was about to vent his rightful scorn.

(Continued next issue)



# DRUMSTICKS



"So that's why the tip of your cock is always blue!"

# DRUMBEATS



## HOT MAN-TO-MAN TO CONTACT FOR A COOL 35c A WORD!

### ALABAMA

**ANYTHING & EVERYTHING**  
BIRMINGHAM—Two versatile bike buddies seek others for friendship, fun, games. We are in our 30's with good bodies. We are into anything & everything. Leather. B&D. S&M. Toys. Enemas. Water sports. Caffeine, etc.

We have a fully equipped playroom and we would enjoy sharing it with other buddies who live like us. We talk but lots of action. We are sincere, and we respect your limits, and expect the same. Age no barrier. Call or write Butch Brasher P.O. Box 20453, Birmingham, AL 35216. Phone 205/978-3966.

**SOUTH ALABAMA REDNECK**  
wants tumble in the hay—anything goes. W/M, 40, 5'8", 140 lbs. B&D. 141B.

### HOT LEATHER

grievous drag-smoking Leather Master, 6', 163 lbs. w/m 34 7" cut seeking brothers in Leather. Mutually satisfying scene and discretion assured, limits respected. You must be serious, disciplined and unashamed of earned affection. No drugs, scab, or heavy pen. We are a rare breed. Box A55.

### BODYBUILDER

ALABAMA 4 yrs Marine Corps, interested in and participate in wrestling, boxing, hand fucking, heavy whipping, straps. Bud Wilpas Box 1456.

### NEEDS

#### MOVING TO SCOTSDALE

Wanted ... Alive, well, 2' aged human sexual machine by 42 82" very blue eyes, 11 b/m/m, W/T/m, moust/bearded 157 lbs. 7" Cut, Hot Gd/Musc Bld. Lr/Western Ltr. Man. w/complete gym/play room. Send me your most kept secrets w/photo for quick reply w/ans. Box 15350A

### ARKANSAS

#### LIFE TIME

**ARKANSAS—Attractive W/M, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs. Brown Hair, Blue Eyes** looking for young man for permanent relationship. Must be willing to relocate to Arkansas. Strict appearance, sincere. No drugs, feds. Young men welcome. Want someone for quiet, loving, life time relationship. Please send photo. Box 1420.

#### LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 5'2", 165 lbs. 8" uncult if you are white, masculine not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave. Inroads, bondage, getting the discipline from you. I demand fast-fucking and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and -magnative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B.

### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### HUNKY

**SAN FRANCISCO AREA—Well put** together pierced and tattooed M. new to scene 38, 5'3", 186 lbs. brown/blue mustache, cut 8 1/2". Having experience looking for serious. Leather Master. Any race 25-50. Uncult meat a real plus. C/B torture, W/S, Whips, Ass work and a light rope just for Ass work. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his central focus. Have complete. Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No feds or feds. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1263.

#### S/M SAN FRANCISCO

Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationship. P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

### SANTA CRUZ

Aquarius, 52, 5'11", 190 lbs. white 6'4". Knowledgeable, seeks lower & exhibitionist nude house slave. Must be obedient and eager to please with a tight ass, a good cock-sucker, and minor. Good tilt sucker, body hair will be shaved under 50. No role switching, no one night stands, drinkers or smokers, also no dopers, hustlers, freeloaders or jailbirds. No photo no reply. Box 1298.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Spread eagled maybe led down enemas, butt plugs, Dildos, Vibrators, Spreaders. Hot oil, balls, balloons and other toys. Maybe even a cock or a tongue. Your hole and/or mine. I'm 26, 5'10", 155 lbs. Brown hair, green eyes uncult. Send a description or photo of your favorite toy & tell me how you like to use it. Box 1277.

**SAN FRANCISCO 82**, white dog slave seeking to be collared/chained, caged, owned by the collar to 40, stable together. Leather Master/Lover. No heavy S&M, doge filth. Photo & phone to Kan. 540 O'Farrell St. #605 San Francisco, CA 94102.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER SEEKS** submissive white slave to take for torture. B&D Master is age 42 of German-Irish descent, 200 lbs. 6'3", size 11 feet to slip on, alive, strong. Your limits respected. You can trust Master. Box 1332.

**SAN FRANCISCO W/M, 6, 192 lbs., 34 8 1/2"** Hard, into having my cum-piss stained cock sucked dry. Specially balls, arm pits, crotch ass and all to be licked into pleasing into cock straps while being blind. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete take at night. Will exchange pics all over U.S. Photo in Jock and Phone a must. Box 1292.

**SAN FRANCISCO, W/M 31 5'11", 170 lbs.** enjoys hot times, groups. One to one w/f, FF (top), Leather/L/L/v, Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m 21-35, within 5 F Area. Photo & Phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck Box A98.

**BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED FACE-BITTERS WANTED**, I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs. bearded and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horat Box 1015F.

W/M masculine, husky hunk 48, 6'3", 235 lbs. write experienced wants macho studs near my size. 30 plus only. Info play body contacts. One on a possible California bodybuilders, cowboys, Nathaniel. email reply to Box 170.

**SAN FRANCISCO—S/M, 41, 5'11", 175 lbs.** white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants non-essence partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over S&M. B&D, new ideas. Dark 625 Post Street #540 San Francisco CA 94109.

### HARDBOILED UNRULY CANINE

#### MUTT WANTED

with thick uncult cockmeat, hot-bolting low-hangin' cum-filled rolls by Black honcho lustin' to collar/leash, break/train as bootdog toilet slave animal. Need boot/crotch/hungry piss thrash maverick hunk. Submit to C/B torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White blood. ONLY who needs/wants to be hog-tied/roped by its slave animal nuts are hidden hard needs write. Photo/phone for prompt reply. Box 986.

**OAKLAND** Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 18065 Oakland, CA 94619.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few who are hard and fast to observe them or else. Send your letter in an envelope on which you have written the hunk's name, sex, race, and his telephone number on the back. Put "11" on the envelope, and your return address. Drumbeat magazine. If you want the

## DRUMMER

16 Harriet Street • San Francisco, California 94103

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. No advertisements accepted from persons under age 21. Drummer Publications will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I declare that I am over 21 yrs. old and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no profits of ad will be supplied to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Drummer Pub. cat only is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person contact through their publications.

after a photo. If there is some problem with delivery, Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25¢ for each writer you forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed after and fee) in another or a c/o addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

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Words at 35c a word \_\_\_\_\_

W/m, smooth, in search of firm hand, guidance and training from mature, prudent, serious Master willing to consider inexperienced, unfettered but needful 31-year-old. My Master commands respect from his person, not his brutality Bay Area only Box A19.

**SANTA CRUZ:** Hot novice m wants to service cut b/w bonds B&D T.T. leather toys shaving l/w m 30, 5'11" 160lbs handsome cut brown hair, blue eyes, horny, serious, playful and versatile. Box 875

**BODYBUILDER**  
6', 185 lbs, 30, solid, seeks similar partner. You will manage heavy weight workout gym in No. Calif. Owned by me. Should be contact call/bur or working towards same. Will help to relocate Serious only No bullshit! Photo required Box 1274

**CHICO:** Wanted a young man as partner in raising rabbits and exotic birds. Also another partner in raising Orchids and exotic plants in green houses, and possibly a third partner in raising fish, sheep, pigs, or goats. No experience or money necessary. Room and board included. Good mountain living on the river with fishing and hunting. Email, 500 Nimitz/ave. Chico, CA 95925

**MASCULINE S/WANTED**  
**SAN FRANCISCO LIBRARY:** M 60, W 58", 185 lbs, needs Master into Leather Boots, Hood, Heavy into bondage, C&B Torture, Shaving, Piercing, whipping, seeks masculine m, s/o, knows what he wants and control. Photo gate mine SIR Box 1357

**ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLINE OF S/WANTED**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** Any serious discipline of s/wanted wanted by experienced w/m Master, 40, 5'10" 175 lbs, 6' Fat B&D, H&D, C&B, Torture, all sorts of work out of each other, but no however unusual. Bernal, Box 4373, San Francisco, CA 94101

**STRANGE MEAT**  
**SAN FRANCISCO GYM:** 30, 5'10" 155 lbs, 9" - Seeks Black Leather, tough talkin, hard playin, bewdy droppin, hardy laughin, ball stretchin, hairy, op'n, ball bustin, dude for rough fun. Photo required for response. Single men in San Francisco. Box 1487

**STYLISH FEMININE**  
W/M Late 40's, 6' Very Mass, into old style Police/Fire & Workman heavy black rubber wear seeks mature, minded mass outdoor type anyone. Free to fly or travel, Have camper, motorcycle & gear. No S&M. Drugs or words but nice and clean guys welcome. Box 1472

**YOUNG, BLIND, ANY RACE** 18-30 who is in good health, mountain, River, Swimming, Fishing, Hunting, etc. Room & Board provided. W/M 42 into most scenes. Box 1486

**NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO YOUNG-B&D** -Smart, cigar man, BOY-Trim, Cute, As whipped, pushed, Fucked, if good invited to breakfast. Box 1463

**HAIRY MEN - HAIR LOVERS - SEE CONTACTS**

# NOVICE

**SAN FRANCISCO 27,** needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. A/W 30", very hairy, Husky build, 8" cut. Novice. Want 25-35, experienced S/O or w/m, caring, patient Teacher, Prefer, Blond, Brown eyes, LEAN! Box 1289

**SAN JOSE:** Looking for Leather Master into B&D, and some light S&M I'm 30, 6'1", 160 lbs. DK Brn eyes & Slender in build. No Fats, fems stupid or Hard guys. Box 866

**MAN EATING SLAVE**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** Hot w/m 24, Will work, your ASS, C&B, Balls, Boots, Nipples, and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek Passive. Photo Appreciated. Grog Box 1501

**FULL TIME HOUSEHOLD SLAVE**  
No phone phans. State your name, telephone number, age, height and weight, and don't forget "Sir Tell me who you think they are good for, why anyone should be interested in training you. I'll ask the rest of the questions while you keep your hands away from your crotch. I have use for full-time, dedicated houseboy. Genetics are good work and discipline, room/board and ownership. You will have to shape up, be submissive, used and trained including shaving, piercing and regular punishment in the way short time. Master who knows what he is doing. Call John at (415) 864-3877

**HEAVILY SADOISTIC GURNEVILLE:** Applications for full-time, live-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30 year old independent contractor. I am Dominant, intelligent and heavily sadistic. You are 18-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of hard work, long hours, and heavy pain when deserved. You will be the one and I'll treat you right, screw you up and I'll torture you if you please out. You must be into heavy genital pain on a regular basis. Mail your Photo, list of experience and sincere request to 14320 Old Cazadero Road, Germantown, CA 94446

**DISCIPLINE ME**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** W/m, 31, 6'1", Absolute top, demands genuine motorcycle CHP for Obedience, Service and respect. You produce and I'll provide. Only the Genuine need respond. Send photo and brief profile. Write Box 773

**BULLDOCK**  
**ST LOUIS:** Hot top interested in making contacts with other hot men into heavy body contact, wrestling, body building with plenty of sweat and anal. I changed Am 5'11", 180 lbs, 8" cut, F&D, G&A into Leather/Levi scene with real man. Mutual respect is a must. No doppers, drunks, wimps, or members of the "Chic Set," and absolutely no scat, and plan to move to San Francisco in Spring of '81. Box 1382

**MUSCLE BUILDER**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** Hardcase S/M 30, 5'7", 155 lbs, & Cut, solid, muscular stud for HOT action and limits expansion. Interest include weight/lifts, Marjies, Leathies, Levis, uniforms, boots, whips, porn art, ass, military-S&M, J/O, jocks, riding ass and fuckin face. Seek to earn more. Send S&M - (S.F.) or worldwide. M's ass right to serve. Box 1536

# BOOTS

**THE TALLER THE BETTER**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** This Husky Black Leather Motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think their good enough to serve my boots and me. Have this instillable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them ass. Silk engineer and logger boots - taller the better. I'm 31, and goodlooking. Honest - If your man enough and serious enough to wear boots with my boots or make me get down with yours. Drop me a line. Box 1504

**YOUR FANTASY IS**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** Do you feel your fantasy is Leather, hot, hot time, J/O, W/S, phone, kick straps etc. Then send me name, phone # photo (if possible) to "C" (S.F. W/M 31 5'11" 170 lbs) All responses get reply. No fats or fems. Box A58

**GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR SCUMBAG SLAVE**  
**WESTPORT:** To have his ASS WORKED (literally-Hard, physical labor) Beal, and Fucked off by bid tempered W/cowboy Master 6'3" 35 and his extremely Husky wifewor 5'10", 28. You will live on 150 acres of mendocino coast with no running water power, or keds. The inexperienced, disobedient, full of bullshitt chicken old queen, fem, and hippie need not apply. Don't plan on bringing any past or ego with you. Don't expect any future other than being a piece of shit. Complete back door with our dogs. Send Picture and letter to Fred/Red, Box 231, Westport, CA 95488

**DADDY WANTED**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** W/M, 26, 5'10" 155 lbs, slave seeks older down to earth, intelligent, hairy, spanking MASTER. Where are you Daddy? Jimmy, Box 4508, San Francisco, CA 94119

**MASTER JOHN**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** Tan 6'4" handsome, aggressive, well spoken Man with San Francisco's most complete workshop. Looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1463

**YOUNG SLAVES WANTED**  
**OAKLAND:** Young slaves diapered spanked, by handsome MASTER 484 Lake Park Ave #36, Oakland CA 94610

**SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA**  
Leo Bonhom 26 (1k 21) 5'8" 125 lbs, 6'10", 8" Cut. C&B balls. Need to be bound in Leather/Ropes. Into B&D, Light S&M, C&B/Ti Work, Toys, getting Fucked. No heavy drugs, scat, FF, Piercing or injury. Rums, setting a plus. Box 1422

**HOT SAN FRANCISCO LITHE MASTER**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** 32, 6', 185 lbs, will train slaves into complete subervience. Will guide right slave from bootlicking to shaving, to whipping, to piercing, to branding. Be prepared to give yourself without thought. Box 1455

**BALL BUDDIES**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** W/M, 6'2" 160 lbs Bald, trim, Light Brown Beard, Blond mustache. Hairy into Ball Play weights, hitting slapping squeezing wets, Ball presses etc. Ti Work too. Top and Bottom, Interested in same. Box 1514

# SUPER HOT SLAVE

**SAN FRANCISCO:** 5'11" 165 lbs, of handsome, Hard body build. Seeking MASTER with Muscles, Leather Muscles, Tattoos, Muscles, Brains & Muscles. Anywhere in U.S. letter with photo answered. First Box 4153 17th Street, San Francisco, CA 94144

**INTELLIGENT BUTCH BOTTOM**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** Butch bottom, handsome intelligent. Box/M, 30, 5'11" 160 lbs. Slim Muscular. Into Leather. Jocks. Levis. Wants Husky Hung Topmen for long Hot sessions. Email, S&M, 25-30. Photo and phone gals mind. Buddy. Box 1546

**DISCIPLINE & OBTAIN**  
**TO SERVE & CLUB**  
Part-time weekend help for San Francisco's hottest cut. Hardworking, disciplined, dedicated bottoms for pool cleaning, lawn care, locker service, shoeshine and general polishing the grounds. Good bud, willing to work in uniform. Call Mr. Franklin at 415 44 55. No answer call John at 854 417. Be a dumb

**SLAVES AND POTENTIAL SLAVES:**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** W/M 30 yrs. Ready to complete servitude as a wifey of a master. Just a game (Experience not necessary). I am a retired army NCO ready to take complete control of your life with Bondage Discipline. Daily spanking. I am a dominant. I am not into Full Fucking. Scal, Heavy S&M, or Drugs. Box 1505

**DISCIPLINE & OBTAIN**  
**TO SERVE & CLUB**  
You are over twenty-one and have a strong need for discipline in your life. You need to organize your time and have your discipline made for you. You long for a Spartan existence with forced diet, no smoking, physical workouts, hard work and strong discipline while you, a newwifed young man, have learned to be a disciplined but plus a few metal and leather ornaments. M. Hair, 100% hair-out and shave to shape you up. Your new purpose, finding out the use for which you were created. You do not have to be a dominant, just dedicated. Send a couple of bucks for a detailed questionnaire and other information to THE LEATHER FRATERNITY, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. Application towards membership on acceptance.

**BIG DICKED MASTER WANTED**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** W/M 29 M, Hot body seeks Big Dicked Master with Heavy Balls. Into having scenes. Into prolonged Bondage, Heavy W/S. Piss up your ASS while you fuck me. L&L - Hair out. No right Master. Write w/ photo to Mike Denver 625 Post St #165, San Francisco CA 94109

**YOUNG MASTER**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** 21 5'8", looking for live-in Slave age 30-60. If your desire is to serve your MASTER. Write to P.O. Box 4244 San Francisco CA 94101

**SKANDINAVIAN KINK**  
**SAN FRANCISCO:** DOMINANT Kinky artist looking for bottom, petron 1. Am 5 185 lbs. Lean, Muscular, Masculine. Best Face-Sitter in the Brotherhood. 42 West 30, Have Bond Hair. Blue Eyes, Chiseled Features. Large nipples. Very Good Looking Man into Barbatic Sex. Box 1528

**A CRUMBLEAT AD GETS FAST RESULTS**

## BIG BOY

**SAN FRANCISCO**—Big Boy 5'10", Blue eyed, 21, Blonde. Pro/Fantasy wrestler looking for a big coach/Master to fight me to submission and treat me the way men like to be treated Box 1614

## VERY GOODLOOKING WEIGHT LIFTER

**SAN FRANCISCO**—M, 30, 6'11", 42" Chest, 30" Waist. Very goodlooking, Masculine Jockey-Weight lifter. build. Needs piss, shit, spit VA, C/B/T-Torture from other goodlooking bodybuilders. Mr R ght gets it all. fats fems phoneat average looks-buod. Don't waste my time Box 1634

## SENSUAL SCENES

**SAN FRANCISCO**—W/M Wants to hear from any one with similar interests Nylon Spandex other Sensual or Torture Fabric Scenes with condoms, oil, gels, fantasies, fetishes, etc. call (415) 929-1388 anytime

**PERMANENT MASTER WANTED SAN FRANCISCO**—AQUARIAN SLAVE W/M, 41, 5'10", 170 lbs 6' Cut, Writer with advanced head, mouth-ache. Seeks militant, caring Master for possible permanent relationship. Can switch roles, if necessary. Am Info, leather Domination, S/M W/S, B&D. Limits can be expanded. Can care for a real Man Frank Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114 or call (415) 431-8596

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

**LOS ANGELES AREA** W/M, 5'6", 128 lbs 28 Hot Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drug Exchange photos, Ideas, Box 8199

**SAN DIEGO**, Top—40, 5'11" 195 lbs, into all scenes—oil, w/f, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70

## SAN DIEGO MENI

Two men, 38 and 38, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, jack-off, jockstraps, leather and w/f's wear. Couples preferred. No latex, fems. No non-smokers! Box 685

## PALM SPRINGS

M, 34, 6'2" 180 lbs, desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Leather a passion. Box 902

**LOS ANGELES**, S, 45, 5'11" 135 lbs, solid, muscular, masculine about 17, cut, looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with Box 697C

## SIRI

W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 160 lbs 7 c/m, tm beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner goodlooking, masculine and needs to be brought to my knees in service. Box 256 S. Robertson #3089 Beverly Hills CA 90211. Can travel

**LOS ANGELES**, M, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim good body, 125 lbs, intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent S I NEED to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others w/ you. I need to be me to properly serve YOU Box 280

**LOS ANGELES**, I diglicking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum cum 36, 5'7", 160 lbs, 7" head, bod. Will fulfill any fantasy Box 975

## SENSATIONAL AND FREE

out of this world servicing for muscular top studs any race, especially orientals and blacks. Punish my red hot bums or fantastic mouth job. You'll go crazy for this, no other like it. Absolutely no drugs, discreet Orange County, Los Angeles. Write your thing I'll phone or reply Box 1366. Don't miss this super servicing

## JAPANESE MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT

and Karate Teacher M, 30, 5'7", 140 lbs, Seeks goodlooking W/M lover with same interests and lifestyle. Also into Zen, BB, Leather and Good sex. Sincere and discreet only. Write with photo Box 1367

**LOS ANGELES**, A muscular, chubby fuckstuck masculine dark black man about 30, is beautiful erotic to all. Affectionate Greek slave W/M, 39, 6'11", 175 lbs, seeks relationship. I'm bearded blue-eyed, slightly effeminate intelligent talkative love opera. Informative letters and frank photo appreciated. No dirty talk... Lubre Box 90851 Los Angeles, CA 90060

**NICE YOUNG MAN** looking for open minded creative friends. For friendship—no limits—no hang ups. Steve (213) 663-5818

**Training, Controlled Behavior** Shippery Dick, Novice cut/uncut, Hot, used-on. Proper request to Sir, Box 1102, Los Angeles, CA 90066

**COMING TO CALIFORNIA?** Need a place to stay and someone to show you around. Well for \$250 a day you will get a place to stay and a nice young man to show you the sights. Some meals are covered in that price. Send \$250 for more information to: Steven & Friends, P.O. Box 58148, Norwalk, CA 90650. We will send you all the info by return mail

**LOS ANGELES AREA** W/M, 5'6" 128 lbs, 28, Hot. Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drug Exchange photos, Ideas, Box 1399

## SLAVE DANNY

**LOS ANGELES AREA**, I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving photography to please my Master. I desire a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35

## LEATHER TEDDY BEAR

Clean cut, All American, blond guy available to be possessed and coaxed by one or two special Masters who is dominant physically and psychologically and we teach him genuine slave how to serve him affectionately. The bear is 33, 5'11", 180 lbs a ght acting, intelligent and totally respectable as much at home in Brooks Bros as in bondage. No hard or rough stuff. Tom of F'n and have a priv. San Diego area but relocation possible to claim your bear—respond to Box 598

**LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH** Goodlooking 38 trim and hot. Experienced moustached bartender and water would like to work at your next party or just hear from you. Leather/fisting/cockroaches W. travel to New Orleans, D.C. and NYC in '81. Your guy gets mine. Box 661

**LOS ANGELES**, M, hot young animal—W/M 25 6'11" 155 lbs. Wants wild leather/fists stud to take this punk to the limit. In S/M, B/D, Wax, Cuffs, Collars, and Heavy G/R. Come work this punk's sex Box 997

**ITALIAN**, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs. Hairy Chest. Very Attractive experienced looking for a top man for FF. Does/Does Your Place. Phone S/R 6467 Ven. Hwy 5102 345 Van Nuys, CA 91401

**NORWALK** & looking for 18-30 who is willing to give and can take what dish out I am 23 5'5" 125 lbs Box 106

## HOT HORNEY

**HAIRY HUNKY HUNG** LA AREA 46, 5'9" 179 lbs brown hair, blue eyes, 8" uncut, into light S/M B&D, leather, W/S, T.T., FF, J/O, fantasy trips. Open to most new kinks. Will answer w/ phone and photo. Box 349

## HOT & READY IN L.A.

Scandinavian man 33 versatile very good body good jocking 5-inch 3 ways and groups also vers. in oral, anal, or anal, out-door scenes. Good man and good sex get same Box 853

## WANTED!

**BIG MASTER TITSI** P.O. Box 59 Desert Hot Springs CA 92240

**LOS ANGELES** live 41 6' 165 lbs with large C/B & legs receiving C/B work S&M leather/fists etc. Box A68BORN

## TO SERVE

Thus w/m bottom, 31 5'10" 160, cut and pierced, is looking for the right top 30-46, to serve life commitment a my goal into leather S&M B&D Grry Box 16104 Long Beach CA 90606

## MASTER WANTED

**LA AREA** arrogant goodlooking guy 22, brown hair green eyes, with hunky body seeks training and guidance from a patient w/f for Master. You are experienced assertive unbridled and sweet and into leather latex rock straps, S&M B&D, Living orders, W/S, ass eating and other hot raunchy games. Please Sir break me in and see me as I wish. Write with photo and letter if possible to Clay Randall P.O. Box 594 Montebello, CA 90040. Poss Rel with right Master

**HOT M**, 40, 5'10", unc. Experienced piercer or piercee, needs S&M C&B. Bondage. Most for out kinky scenes. In fully equipped playground. George Box 5641, Hunt Bch CA 94646

W/M Hot young (18-35) Topmen into B&D S&M W/S, Livia, Leather Jocks. Master/Slave Games, facerating, whipping, W/M (no FF), and in need of head to toe service in no masculine encounters. I'm a goodlooking w/m, 48, 5'6", 185 lbs, with trim beard & moustache and with brown hair and blue eyes. send photo. Box 1033

Hot, masculine, 28, 5'10" 180 lbs, smokes and turns on to cigars. Gets into light B&D, T.T., Wax, Leather. LA area preferred but will answer all Box 334

## HOLLYWOOD

M, 44, 5'6", 130 lbs, willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M 35-55 in leather rev, jockstrap Box 392

## L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rent arms, similar asides and a crudely uncultured warts greasy rotten stinking boots socks jocks, t-shirt levis and leather Digs splitting pissing shitting puking, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains levis, concrete mud, toilet rubbers and oil Box 294VB

## LOVE TO EAT BUTT

**LOS ANGELES W/M**, 30, love to eat butt! Seek Enema Instructor. You are 27-45. Maybe dark complexion Box 1033

Hollywood, goodlooking uncultured stud Seeks dominant butch uniformed law man, cycle cop leatherman S/S or Gestapo types for head trips. Discipline submission, mad doctor C&B Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things which we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please Sir Box 167

## ATHLETIC BLOND

LA, 6'3" 180 lbs, 38, masculine, hot rear seeks slim/horny buddy 18-28, no beard. Box 60851-M, LA, CA 90080

## WHITE SCANDINAVIAN

**HUNTINGTON BEACH** Mea, Muscular, surfer, 38, Blonde/blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into role playing, piercing, whipping, wax, FF W/S, Dildoes, etc., Will consider all tops but prefer someone with amarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as sex. Please Sir, write to: Aroma, Ray (714) 462-6843 or write with picture to Box 1427

**ORANGE COUNTY LONG BEACH**, W/M 16 6'2" 87 35 7" Bearded, hairy novice desires to correspond and/or meet someone to play with inexperienced but willing to try most anything. Please Sir, I'm a shy, unbridled dude into sucking, fisting, verbal abuse, vanity and prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo gets mine Box 1435

**ORANGE COUNTY**, Hot Hung Leather Studs who want to bring Hot blond, blue eyed cowboy to his knees and choke. Dele a Box 1264

**LOS ANGELES** Write Male Animal slave to be trained and broken as work-home needs demanding male Master or Masters with full life line to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to permanency to be stable. Please Sir, write to: Aroma, Ray (714) 462-6843 or write with picture to Box 1427

**PALM SPRINGS, S&M B&D**, WS, with w/m, 30, 6' 150 lbs, Blonde/Tan with good body, will switch roles with experienced Master/Slave C&B. Phone a must. Photo Appreciated. Box 1264

**LOS ANGELES**, Hot, Hunky Cowboy blue eyes, Beard wants to start a Dildo-Club. Interested dudes drop me a line and state sizes and interests. Box 1270

**BALLS** slapped, squeezed, big and receive. Correspond must Box 828

## SIG WIDE OPEN

**ASSHOLERS WANTED** LA, W/M, 31, 5'11" 180 lbs, warts men with hot asshole into: w/f, girds, dildoes, punch fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only, no J/O. Box 811

**GEORGIA, GWM, Cancer 29, 165 lbs., 5'11"** Blue eyes, hairy mouth-ache, goodlooking, active/passive, fr/gr FF. Diloids, three ways versa-tila. Seeks like-minded Robbie. See Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 39075.

**26, 25, white, 5'10", 147 lbs.**, into rough fucking and fat fucking, pass. S&M, B&D, verbal abuse, leather levis, boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive Tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No fems, scat, scars, or blood. B&D 288

## HAWAII

**ORIENTALS WANTED**  
**HONOLULU, S&M** anywhere wanted by handsome white male 32, 7' Well-built masculine. Photos answered first, but not required. Write to Sam, P.O. Box 68455, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815, USA.

## ILLINOIS

**CHICAGO, RINGED M, 31, 6'11", 175 lbs.** Needs Humiliation and abuse. Being wrong-witted cocky Master into suspension, bondage, flls, pile, rubber Write WOLF, 6836 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60626

**CHICAGO-ST. LOUIS, W/M, 42 Tall Slender, Tattooed and Kinky.** Looking for CL/WBLT. Jokes and Leather who have what it takes to fuck my ass into total submission and then only the will I have your feet and call you, Master. It can be done but it takes a MAN. Box 1608

**DUNGEON-PLAYROOM**  
**CHICAGO, Dungeon, Playroom** Available for your private sessions or parties. 1,000 sq. ft., Fully equipped, cell, tubing, suspension and B&D Area, rack toys, posts, etc. Private Reasonable. Top Supervision. Optional Trainer. (312) 525-3341

**NOVICE**  
**CHICAGO, W/M, 33, 170 lbs. 7'** Cut cock, handsome bodybuilder. Seeks clean dominant Master who wants to be served. I have hottest mouth in Chicago. Am Fr/P Gr/P. Not into scat or heavy pain. Photo exchanged and returned. Jax, P.O. Box 10222, Chicago, IL 60610

**SLAVE BOY SOUGHT**  
**CHICAGO, W/M, 44, 6'2", 165 lbs.** Hairy, warts, small, slender slave/Houseboy. Must be 20 to 30, under 140 lbs., with small, firm buns and real ass desire. Must be fucked. Prefer gentle, somewhat firm, pretty boy (a type not now fashionable) who needs permanent, secure relationship and who enjoys sex and "belonging to a man." No drugs. Box 1567

**LICK A DIRTY BOY**  
**CHICAGO, Pig** ass of any kind (cruddy, rough, ermits, and ass, pile or shit, teatles, face silling, mud sweat, grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, Leather levis, jocks, gym shorts, etc) with or without bondage. Hot goodlooking man 35, 6'11", 165 lbs. Seeks guys into any of the above to serve or do mutual trade-off Fantasy, diloids, pain role playing anything different or bizarre turns me. We do it right. Travel to US. Send photo and dirty letter. Box 894

**HANDSOME Black Male, 44, 5'11", 165 lbs. 8'4"** Uncut, desires to see well hung guys who are good-looking, clean and preferably not too necessary. Shoot a large LOAD. Box 1457

DRUMMER 44

**STUD SEEKING:**  
**CHICAGO, Stud** seeking generous Sugar Daddy in Chicago. You support me and I'll Service you. I'll keep you more than satisfied. GWM 28, 5'8", Thin Cock, Straight appearing, trade S&M or any scene OK. Rodney Box 14, Chicago, IL 60614

**W/M, 31, 5'11",** seeks men into B&D and humiliation. Men in underwear especially and longhairs. JWH, 450 Bnar Place #8K Chicago, IL 60657

**FANTASIES FULFILLED**  
**CHICAGO MASTER, W/M, 41, 6'3", 192 lbs.** will fulfill your fantasies. Military Discipline, S&M, Fraternity Initiations, Prisoner, Humiliation, Bondage, Etc. Send photo if possible. All replies answered. Chicago Metropolitan Area. Write Jax, P.O. Box 2850, Chicago, IL 60609SPRINGFIELD

**SPRINGFIELD, 54, 5'6", 160 lbs.** looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits but can be extremely either sadistic or gentle, based on slave endurance. Must be clean. Box 382

**Chicago, Arles, 29, 6'11", 200 lbs.** muscular, S&M dominant and knowledgeable 7' cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive. 21-35 obedient and know his place. No feds. Box 416

**NEED HAIRY CROCKED SADIST.**  
**CHICAGO, W/M** who over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, tit piercings. Flailing, Bell Busting, etc. I'm 6'1" 190 lbs. 37 years, with 8 1/2" cock. In good shape. Box 1371

**CHICAGO SOUTH WEST SUB.**  
**W/M, 32, 170 lbs. 6'11",** Like to receive rim jobs and have my cock sucked. I like to fill your ass with my cock. Send photo. No feds. Fams OK. Write John, P.O. Box 607 Tinsley Park, IL 60477

**CHICAGO-COUPLE** into Fr & B&D seek like-minded men for three ways good action. 31-48. W/M, 35, 6'11", Bottom-27, 6'140 lbs. 6", Reply with photo gets ours. Only serious minded MEN need reply. Box 1340

**AND/OR BROWN**  
**5'10", 165 lbs.** into strong body and 31-48. W/M, B&D, W/S, etc. Not used often. Strong Master could train right. Send your requirements. Box 1426

**CHICAGO-White 34, 5'6", 140 lbs., 7'** Cock, Top wants other tops or expressive bottoms. Extended multi-scene Action sucking, fucking, rimming, jacks, J/O, W/S, Flat Fucking, and Ball Work. More body HAIR the better. Letters with photos gets same-pronto. Box 1480

**FOX RIVER GROVE-THE GAS HOUSE SALOON,** It's where I go! I'll 4:00 pm. Write to me. See photo. Send photo! I'll find you and then we'll talk. P.S. this is somewhat straight bar, but even the president needs passion. Box 1500

**CHICAGO SLAVE**  
**W/M, 27, 5'8", 185 lbs.** will serve TV or Master. Take piss, cum in mouth face sitting, toe sucking any kink. Eat ass, suck cock. Sellowall at Box 1326

**WANTED:** Write needs input for story teller. Dr. Federmau says my fiction lacks realism...so tell me the S&M do's and don'ts. Brian O'Hara, 4321 W 95th St. Oak Lawn, IL 60453

**CHICAGO, w/m, 38, 5, 6'3" 180 lbs.** seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level B&D. Box 1326

**Big young man, 21, 5'10", 234 lbs.** brutal looking for someone to teach me S&M and anything that can be enjoyable. Would like to learn how to be a slave and Master. Please send phone and photo. And let me know what you want to hear. Dennis Box 18, Donna Traylor Cir. Carbondale, IL 62901

**CHICAGO-FANTASY**  
**W/M, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs.** Horny and Hot Looking for some to 28 Poppers, smoke, suck, lick, J/O, FF, Act/passive. Single or couples. Letter and photo to Brown 3422 W. Drummond Ave., Chicago, IL 60647

**HOT AS A PISTOL**  
**Chicago, hot as a pistol** late student very handsome. 22 year old, black 88, 5'4", 125 lbs. I'm right & tough. Tired of the bar? Bath games? I'm into hot, athletic white guys who know how to fuck or be fucked. Into most scenes. Love worshipping a nice body and love my body worshipped as well. If you're into hot body & liberal and want to lick with a man, let's it's supposed to be done. Write me 6214 N. Winthrop #510, Chicago, IL 60680. Thanks Rudy

## INDIANA

**REAL MASTER WANTED**  
**INDIANAPOLIS, W/M, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7'** Hot Slave seeks real master to put me in my place. Make me beg to serve your boots and cock. Fill my mouth with your piss and my ass with your manhood into all fetishes verbal abuse, bondage, Can travel. If you're man enough to tame me please write me. Box 157

**SLAVE TRAINING**  
**Manly experienced MASTER 40, 5'11", 165 lbs.** muscular, with lean Young novice slave(s) I administer discipline in form but caring way. Reply only if you are serious and can come here. Box 15524 Fort Wayne IN 46826

**EVANSVILLE, W/M 30, 5'11", 175 lbs.** by 6'10" and heavy. Seeking 3 muscular men into fixing dirty Masage and body contact. Box 1254

**MASTERS WANTS SLAVES**  
**FORT WAYNE** Novice or experienced light or heavy S&M. Must Have Good Body. Master 3 Masculine 42 year Master 5'11" 150 lbs. Write P.O. Box 12302 Fort Wayne IN 46863

**GENERAL MAN WANTED**  
**Black Male 22, 5'11", 138 smooth** body bright nice looking. Underage seeks generous man capable of compassionate carrying and in a position to offer help to a special person. school, work, travel, discreet age-cool not important. Please submit letter and photo. Write: S.H.C. P.O. Box 44775 Indianapolis IN 46204

**INDIANAPOLIS M, 40, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6'4"** white, inexperienced Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833

**INDIANAPOLIS M, 26, 5'10", 180 lbs., 6'4"** Cut, into B&D. Heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once but basic interest is Heavy Ball Work. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men. 21-45. No feds, fems, drugs, w/f or scat. Box 1549

## IOWA

**IOWA MASTER 6'** lean white seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular. hairless in mind and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application, & phone to Box 978

**DES MOINES TWO MEN, M-D 30** Seeking three-ways and group. Willing to try anything once. State interests. Photo preferred. Write Jax, P.O. Box 4875, Des Moines, Iowa 50306

**IOWA SLAVE AVAILABLE**  
**Young slave 21, 5'10", 155 lbs.** considered good looking. n need of training from dominant man any age. B&D S&M W/S Am receptive and obedient. Box 1485

## KANSAS

**BLACK MASTER WANTED**  
**WICHITA, K, 44, 5'2", 190 lbs.** needs discipline and bondage from Leather-Love Master. Would consider white police officer, prison 3-5 yrs, or worse or more, if you wish. No feds or B&D. Available for interviews at act on present. Master 100, 568

**STOCKING FOOT FETISH**  
**KANSAS CITY, MO AREA GWM 42, 155 lbs.** Brn/Brn Wants to worship your feet. Into mutual J/O. Box 1482

**FOOT WORSHIPING**  
**KANSAS-LEATHER AROMA of a guy's STOCKING FET, K C MO, GWM 42, 155 lbs.** Brn/Brn Wants to worship your feet. Into mutual J/O. Box 1481

## KENTUCKY

**OUTDOOR TYPE**  
**CALHOUN, Outdoor type** into Horses, Hunting, Motorcycles with lots of loving, age 43, 5'8", 170 lbs. Will answer all that sends photo. Arlene Koon, RT 2, Calhoun, KY 40301

**SEEKS SLAVE**  
**Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs.** experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your hand on it if you are ready write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40504

## LOUISIANA

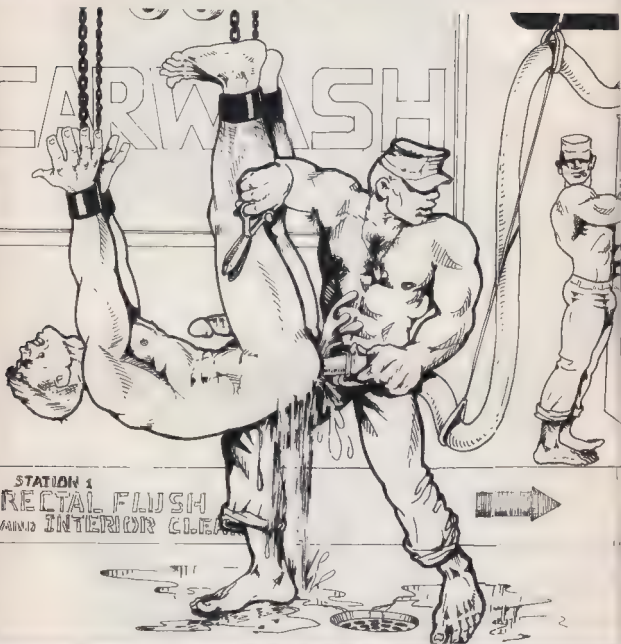
**AND OR**  
**NEW ORLEANS, W/M, 33, 5'6", 130 lbs., 7'** Cut, Bearded, Hairy good-looking well-built TALL member with small, firm, round ass wants firm or well built, HUNG, experienced W male(s) for top or mutual preferred 30-40s for Fr, Gr, FF, Bondage, C&S play. W/S moderate S&M. Permanent possible. No scat, fems, fems or feds. Reply with photo to Box 1555

WELCOME TO

CARWASH

STATION 1  
RECTAL FLUSH  
AND INTERIOR CLEAN

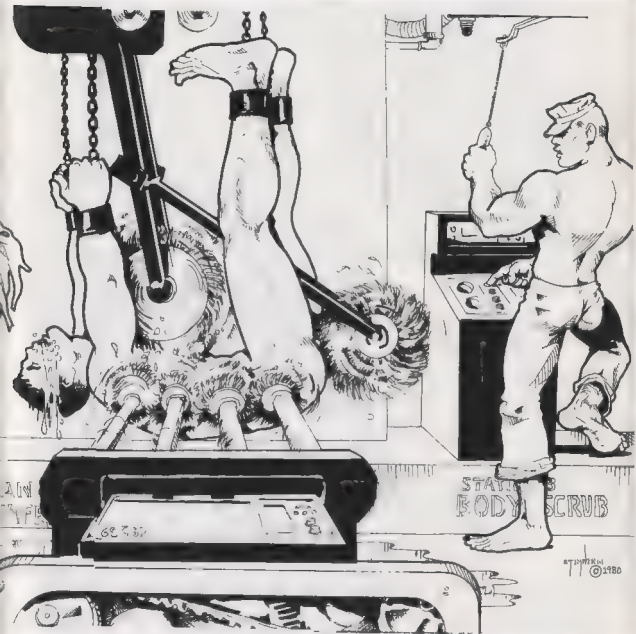
ETIENNE'S SLAVE WASH





REMEMBER, "A CLEAN S





STATUE  
BODY SCRUB

STUDIO KIM  
©1980

SLAVE IS A HAPPY SLAVE™

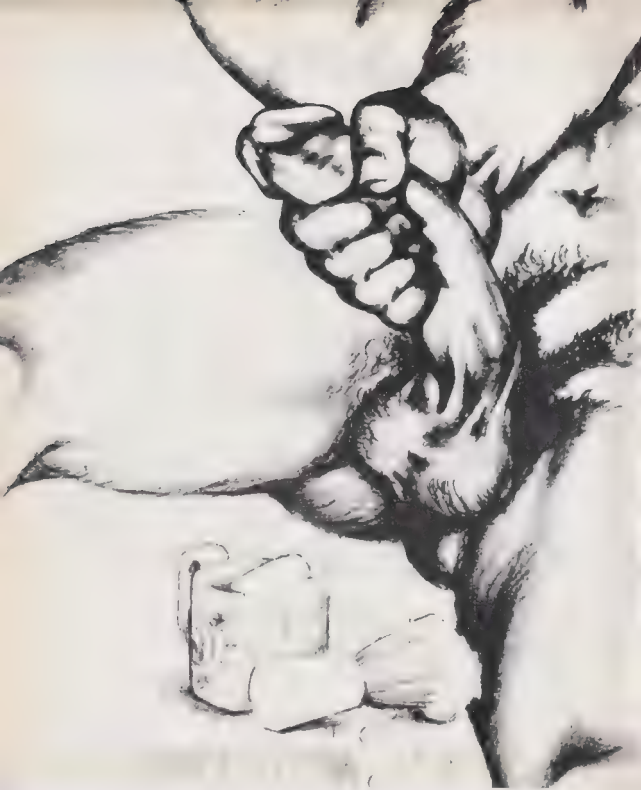
AND THE CUSTOMER



ALWAYS COMES FIRST















# SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

NJ Only. Novice, 32, 5'10", 135 lbs. smooth, clean shaven, needs total team Master (111) to please Nocturnal heavy pain scenes. FF. Box A28.

# NEW YORK

**MANHATTAN**, Black man 50 seeks white, non fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking his tits, torturing, enslave, wanting his mouth fucked and performing total slave service for his black cock regularly. A guy who gives me the greatest asset his head - in service - allegiance. Love and communion. Box 510.

# WORK MY BALLS OVER

anyway direction Larry Townsend's ultimate scene. Am. Experienced w/m 40, 5'11", 150 lbs. Muscular, shaved, into nipple and FF. Mutual scenes with real man enslave possible. Box 166.

# NAKED SLAVE WANTED

**NEW YORK CITY**, "Naked slave wanted for S&M Bondage by experienced Master. Send photo & Personal Data to Master via P.O. Box 336, Audubon Sta., New York City NY 10032.

# YES SIR—NEW YORK SLAVE

Danish Leather Stud 40—Masculine well built, visit New York in May 81. Seeks Rev. Hot Action. Leather Master for discipline and Leather-Business sex. I have a strict drive, into Leather, rubber, masks, chains, litwork, pins, smoking poppers and trips. Like to be worshipped in your leather, and the arousal of leather and rubber. I can get it's end out how far this can take us. Like all kinds of sex and like to learn more. My master must be over 35. I am waiting for a hot letter. Box 1372.

# SLAVE TRADE

**NEW YORK**, Master interested in hearing from same through out US & Europe—For temporary slave loan while I'm in town. Good disciplinarian. Have slave stable all over US. Particularly intrigued by men with dungeon facilities etc. Limits respected and expanded. Send letter with phone no. let's be a Box 100. Dow. sta. 132 W 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

**QUEENYS, NYC**, mature M scorpion bottom man, 37", 145 lbs. hairy body, bald but bearded seeks master top Master for discipline and heavy litwork. FF. WS, scat, dog strops, hairy bods as black paws etc. slacks by ds. can go on. No role switching of skinny bodies. Box 306.

**BUFFALO, NY**, w/m 27, 5'9", 185 lbs. 7" cock, S&M, Aquarian seeks knowledgeable master into L/L, with respect of limits. Am into S&M, B&D etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are sure turn on. Are you ready to train me? Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BN.

**BUFFALO**, w/m 42, 5'11", 174 lbs. uniforms, leather, enslave Novice, but wants to learn W/1. Answer a travel. Box 715.

# EXTREMELY HANDSOME

**NEW HAVEN, CT**, Masculine 41" Hairy Chest, 30" Waist, 6" 170 lbs. Muscular defined/built. Seek same-race Photo. Must. Travel NY & CA. Occasional. Box 367, New Haven, CT 06510.

# BOOT SEX

**NEW YORK**, Boot sex-Hot, hunty stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex. S&M B&D WS poppers. Exchange. Box 1573.

# FOR EXPERTS ONLY

**NEW YORK CITY VILLAGE**, w/m 5'8", 130 lbs. The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluntary not porcine World's most perfected functioning tube can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive but participant. Long lasting chemical fuck prefer to avoid cast scenes. Fats open quaters in black Leather and whole someness in general. Bored by over-pornified salivated over the joyce & R. amputated ad in issue 42 vol 5. P.O. Box 478 NYC NY 10011. Pics answered first.

# MARRIED ????

**NEW YORK, PASSIVE W/M** eagerly awaits to serve mature married men & or command on officer types. Not opposed to using either verbal & or physical abuse. Out-of-towners especially welcomed. Does not talkers (212) 672-1010.

# MARLBORO MAN

**NEW YORK**, Hot Stallion looking for Body builders, weight lifters, hunty man with very hairy bodies. Lusty Western rancher TOPMAN W 6' 175 lbs. all men with 9" Steel rod needs heavy sucking & Fucking tight macho asshole. This dude is into everything, and I guarantee you won't quickly forget HOT session with this assual Stud. Travel US, Europe, Japan to work over night men. Sand photo of pumped up body and hot letter. Nothing turns this man off. Write now—Your body may be man get very horny on the ranch. Box 100, Downstairs 132 W 24th Street, New York NY 10011.

# ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

**NEW YORK**, you are muscular youthful and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4", Blond 35 year old muscular Leather Master. You will be second slave and learn to love pain and torture and will submit to heavy and creative S&M B&D. Etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve the Master you will send your e-mail ad application and photo. Box 213.

# HARDON VALLEY—WESTERN

**CONN.**, all guys in the area into hot kinky sex (FF. W/S, J/O. Tit and ball torture, piercing, bondage, voyeurism, smother sex, aromas). Let's see if we can get some guys going. Write Shoesie P.O. Box 24 America NY 12501.

# SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

**NEW YORK**, w/m 29, 5'8", 140 lbs. Goodlooking, enjoy water sports, leather, military confinement, bondage, military uniforms. Box 1574.

# SEXUAL ANATOMY

Ltrb, M 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., mid-90s, white-haired blue-eyed man of distinction type: would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man (see aromas). Let's see if we can get some guys going. Write Shoesie P.O. Box 24 America NY 12501.

**MANHATTAN**, 35, 6'4", blonde, hair 33" muscular, slave, 30 Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M. B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 673.

# PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile NYC Cheese w/m. Scorpion 33 5'7" 130# 7" cul for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF) L/L, W/S, scat, jugs, sweat, oil, shaving, nips, sub-torture, boots and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus include photo and scene. Box 703.

# PUPPY SEKS BULLDOG

Hot lit 28 5'11" 175 solid lbs. seeks very tall brun who enjoys a bitch dog collar slave. Seek stocky chunky 5'7" to 5'10" 180 to 225 lbs. dominants who groove on service. Write with photo—no email. P.O. Box 3058 Church Street P.O. NYC NY 10008.

# NEED DISCIPLINE???????

**EASTERN LONG ISLAND**, Need Discipline? Restrained in Ropes chains, stripped naked you will experience T1 Torture As play. B&T. Experienced Master will accommodate in long sessions. Am firm but respect limits. Experienced to novice slaves acceptable. Begging letter with bare chested photo gets reply. Box 1612.

**NEW YORK CITY** w/m 26 5'7", 140 lbs. Clerk shaven. Imaginative seeks to be controlled by a Dominant. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability 25-40 Box 1370.

# RAUNCHY FIST PIG

**NEW YORK CITY**, Texas ass upline ass, piss down the throat from arched, hairy, black, phibionitic, trim, animal, 34, craven, rough abuse in hisling. Detailed letter/pix. Box 565, Downstairs 132 West 24th Street, New York City, NY 10011.

# WRESTLERS

**STREET FIGHTERS** 28 6'2", 190 w/m. Tormentor wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

# HOUSEBOY FOR SALE

Will take care of your home. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chanted and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35 NY CT NJ. Box 1312.

**CAPITOL DISTRICT: W/M**, 34, 5'8", 170 lbs. beard thick, masculine, muscular and into rough leather. Let's see if we can be used in sessions. Write with photo. Box B55.

**NEW YORK W/M**, 28, 155 lbs. 8 Needs B&D to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo/phone. Box 1334.

**NEW YORK W/M** 35 5'8", 160 lbs. 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80.

**NYC, W/M**, 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out, hairy chest, full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to hump up against a stout guy. Exp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging belly. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass, and hump my hard dick against your gut. Box 1330.

# TATTOOED & PIERCED

43, 6'3", 185 lbs. interested in open masculine w/m 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

# NEW YORK CITY

# MASTER WANTED

by M 30, Generous cat guy into boots, uniform, N2 SS. SM B&B. Leather, why out there, it ps. have good earnings want to share w/ big Master. Any age over 180 lbs. Must be mean and streetwise. copacost. on ex. Box 1334.

# NOVICE BLOOD MASTER

**N.Y.C.**, tall slim, Good looking, Hung M, 20's requires total & sub-masculine slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will assist in this part of my life and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips. Limits respected just Humiliation degradation and servitude. Especially w/ latex or Italian types. But if you're into young slaves consider it. A lot I can hear from all guys. Box 1321.

**ATTENTION** at hunty amphi-skinned college type bottom opportunity to serve and learn to my hot, football-super, jock master who is watch and worship. Expect to experience bondage as a slave. Send letter detailing your description, experience and limits, if any. Must be located Southern Connecticut. Box 381.

# UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER

**N.Y.C.** Hot stud in uniform or full uniform 37 6'2" 175 lbs. ex. or cut. Short blond hair & beard. Heavy cigar smoker 1" nipp as tattoo, into fantasy scenes with well-lit men. Interested in boots uniforms, motorcycle cops. S5 toilet, FF. dildos. Write with photo. Box 1334.

# WRESTLERS-LEVIS-AM

**MEAN**, tough, into wrestling, studs w/m 6'2" wants to hear from same type dudes all ages into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 504.

**BALLS**, 43, 6'8", 155 lbs. Hot out-of-doors type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full nuts. If you're into giving/receiving sensual pain to data let's talk. I own Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets me. Box 1268.

**MACUSAC S&M COUPLE**, LOOKING for real live and leather men in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions. "M" 34, 5'11", 150 lbs., Blond, masculine, hot. Hara 23, 5'11", 155 lbs., dark hair, beard, masculine, top & bottom. Our leather fetish is to be used in sessions. Write with photo. Box B55. Nearing FF was living T1 CAB Torture Whipping W/S 4 1/2 etc. Lim is within Reason. Responded letter to Photo to Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

# HOT SCAT

Hung hot dude—looking for hungry mouth to eat hot scat from my asshole. Macho topman—into everything—your tits and ass—FF. Leather. WS. etc. See ear or ad. Marlboro Man. Drummer No 34. I need your bearded mouth sucking my dirty hole clean. Write graphic letter. Letters with photo answered. Travel USA and overseas often. Box 878.

**NEW YORK CITY**, goodlooking stable guy, 33, Leo, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet men with well-knit leather, cavalier boots, lace up moccasins, or pro wrestling boots. Will also buy your worst socks. Am sensual, exotic and passive. Box B81 NYC.

**S&M CLUB FORMING:** New York City Area only! All ages welcome, write for free questionnaire and information on Occupant 187 West 50th Street, Apt. 4D, New York, NY 10024

Woman bestrapped gagged chained, hoisted, shaved, colorblind, and worked over head to toes by mature, experienced Master! Send pic & personal data to Box A90

**NYC FF RECEIVER,** WM 28 5'4" 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30's Leather, FF, Master into calibrated pants, B&D, Sucking toys, Drugs, Photos, groups. Throw me \$\$\$ in your sling. Box 1269

**NEW YORK CITY,** Goodlooking, stable guy, 33, Leo, 5'11", 150 lbs., wants to meet men wear ng high soft leather cavalier boots, 1689 up masculine or toy wrestler boots. Will also buy your sweetie's ass. Am sensual, exotic and passive Box 1271 SUPER

**HEAVY S&M**  
Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal well-equipped master. Real S&M and photo, age, experience to Box 12-R c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St. New York, NY 10036

**NEW YORK CITY MASTER**  
NEW YORK CITY Master 45 B cut hair. Excellent masculine intelligence—Seeks permanent slave. Must be good looking, long and lean, hang, big looks, bald large nipples, hot ass, smooth body. Any age, race. Obedience with affection. Box 1407

**MASCULINE, HUNG A DOMINANT**  
BROOKLYN Attractive w/m 30's. Masculine Hung, dominant, S&M, a Nice—Wants W/M who enjoys being G/Pass good buns (enough to hold on) dominated, very affectionate devoted for perm relationship. Photophone if possible. Will send pic. Box 5177, New York, NY 10163

**DEBENT BOOB SLAVE AVAILABLE**  
NEW YORK CITY Serious Body-builder, 5'9" 185 lbs 28, goodlooking Seeks strict supervision, piercing military regimentation, good disciplinarian body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested, SIR Box 1493

**HOT LEATHER TOPMAN 25 YEARS OLD**  
NEW YORK CITY, 5'10", 150 lbs. Black Hair, Very Goodlooking and Hung wants New York City Slaves (16-26) with ahd ass and hot mouth to be used for B&D Toys, and ass play. Photo required/returned Box 1486 Beginners considered

**ATTRACTIVE EXPERIENCED SLAVE**  
NEW YORK—W/M, 31, 8'1", 185 lbs. athletic body, intelligent and friendly needs playing (18plus) Goodlooking, punkish and uninhibited Master to experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write Tom, Box 2001 Response answering service, 318 Fifth Avenue New York, NY 10001 for prompt reply

**ROUGH-HOUSE & RAUNCH**  
Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged control in and out of sweaty Gays. Especially UNCUTS, Send Photo P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York City, NY 10017

**DRUMMER 56**

**NEW YORK SLAVE**  
W/M, 27, 5'9" 140 lbs. Solid body needs forcéu Master to work on his BARE-ASS paddles, crops, whips L&B 377 470-2nd Ave. New York City NY 10016

**NEW YORK CITY, HOT LOOKING W/M, 35** Seeks goodlooking men under 40 who like there Balls worked over Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1465

**NEW YORK CITY—28 5'8" 150 lbs** 42" Chest 30" Waist Looking for a Dominant Masculine, rugged, experienced 30 years or older. Box 1464

**CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING**  
HOT BUILT HUNG ITALIAN 34 5'8", 155 lbs, Ex-Prep Grappler wants long imaginative free-style developing dominating holds moving into cleaver gear oil toys C&B and Tit Torture No hanging. Travel USA. Photo a must. Box 6186, Albany New York 12206

**NEW YORK—WELL USED WHITE MALE JOURNAL TOILET AVAILABLE** to singles, groups. Public private Box 883 D M S 132 West 24 New York, NY 10011

**TOTAL ASS & LIPS FREAK**  
GWM 38 Seeks Young 18-30 Masculine Guy who will please me in their Right Rubber or anal play, or for a super hot rim job. BJJ and tongue bath and to pure me scat. A Len covered ass is land heaven. Serious only. Syracuse New York Area Jim (315) 638-0680

**NEW YORK CITY AREA, S&M WANT TO MEET OTHERS** into mutual satisfaction. Interest in Leather, Levi Rubber Jackstraps, Boots C&B and Ball work Tit work Can top or bottom. No S&M, BOTOX, no drugs. J/D, W/S, Sucking, Fucking. Box 1000

**GREENWICH VILLAGE, M, 43, 5'8" 145 lbs, 5'8" Cut** White, warm, intelligent, level headed bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Mascho Leather/Levi partner to help me discover and expand my limits. Your service, my pleasure. No F&S, F&S or takes. Sensually a plus. Box 1000

**NEW YORK W/M, 36 160 lbs** Novice Whore Training as slave. Will consider permanent slavery. Need help to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gracefully. Prefer lat & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421

**TIGHT 501 LEVIS & SCAT**  
GWM 35, Seeks Young, 18-30 well built guys who wear tight leathery black and white gear, like a partner with a super hot rim job BJJ tongue bath and body worship. Serious only please. Syracuse New York Area Jim (315) 638-0680

**EXPAND MY LIMITS,** Tattooed and ringed M, 35, seeks Sadist into belts, paddles, whips, cats, L&B's, chaps, paddles, etc. Write—Occupant 100 Bank St #5A New York, NY  
NEW YORK—W/M, 5'11", 145 lbs, Wants to meet young Horny Slaves who dig wearing and fucking in studs. Photo appreciated. Write to P.O. Box 1061, New York, NY 10026

**HOT & HUMPTY**  
NEW YORK, Hot and Humpty, 18-30, wants best head in city. Reply to east 100 2nd Ave. Manhattan 10013. Photo and phone gets a cut. Box A29 New York, NY 0212

**RUBBER LOVER**  
DRY SUITS, Hip boots, Helms, gas masks. Call them. Would like to hear from others Box 1470

**TOTAL SLAVES WANTED GREENWICH VILLAGE** Experienced S.W.M Taurus 47 5'9" 172 lbs, Cut, 35 Seeks a strong leather Master seeks total from slaves for long, hot sessions Must have endurance crave slow torture punishment in chains Medium to heavy S&M B&D W/S etc No Scat. If you're a real M&A, send write submissive groveling letter how No f&S takes. Box 185 R

**MUSCULAR TORTURE SLAVE WANTED**  
NEW YORK, Master 35 8'4" Blonde with 6'3" Slave 31 will train additional slave. Send detailed application with photo. Box 673

**ALBANY NEW YORK LEATHER**  
ALBANY AREA, Leather and Levi club. Write Bob Reed, Box 1125 Schenectady NY 12301

**10 INCH COCK**  
CHICAGO, black male 6' 175 lbs 10 inch Dick into New York Possible relationship. New York replies Only Box 1530

**NEW YORK CITY,** Tall very handsome muscular masculine B&B Topman, Master W/M 26 6'1" 180 lbs, uncut. Not Requires sub-mas slaves (young Athletic types to 30) For obedience training, B&D domination degradation, spanking body worship, leather, Send reply with photo. Including your description experience & phone no. Picture preferred To P.O. Box 53 New Gardens Sta NY 11415

**WANTED**  
NEW YORK CITY, Hot young muscular stud (18-35) Topman, with big fat uncut cocks and Balls (Hung like a horse). Also guys with balls the size of oranges, that are into kicks, levis, Master/slave games Fucking as play FF and need good HOT SERVICE. In super goodlooking W/M 38, 5'9", 165 lbs, short blond hair blue eyes Masculine Send photo Box 1560

**SPANKINGS**  
NEW YORK CITY, Spankings Given or Received by (w/m, 25) Student with strap or paddle. Send description letter and photo if possible. Box 1526

## NORTH CAROLINA

**GOLDSBORO, NC—1-95 TRAVELERS** And hunky Leather and boot wearing studs notice Two Leather loving boot worshipping men looking for friends, and want to help others. Both Versatile W/M's 190 lbs and 180 lbs 5'11" and 5'10" Harley riders. Looking for a pet under 30 c.o. 21 to take care of. Phone/photo replies answered first. Traveling soon—write now Rick-Larry Rt 2 Box 137, La Grange, NC 28551

## OHIO

**BOOT LOVER**  
27, 5'7", 137 lbs looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to kick them and cum on them. Box 151

**SLIM NOVICE**  
23, Columbus desires manhandling, wet boots handcuffs verbal etc, from understanding big brother. Write with picture and telephone. Box 1331

**CLEVELAND B&B** Seeks very Kinky Cuts, and 35-40 for good relationship. Photophone. Box 1613

**SEEK LOCAL FRIENDS**  
COLUMBUS W/M 31 6' 180 lbs 7 years experienced Seeks good friends under 30. Trains bondage tit and C&B Pen. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to Box 20422 Columbus, Ohio 43220

**CLEVELAND MACHO MEN**  
CLEVELAND, Hot and Horny W/M, 31, 8' 175 lbs Seeks Cleveland area hunks who are into cock sucking (A/P) Fucking Light S&M and B&D some W/S, J/D, M&S and/or shaving. Turn turn-on when a HOT STUD works on my Tits. Prefer aggressive & dominant partners with muscular or slender bodies. Will REVERSE roles for submissive partners. No f&S please. Reply with photo to Boxholder P.O. Box 29293 Cleveland 44119

**COLUMBUS M&F, 6' 180 lbs** A-as, 40 years, professional experience. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage tit and C&B pain have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo. Box 730

**CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER**  
Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland 6' 165-lbs, 8" exceptional mind meat looks body would like to meet hot JSDA prime slaves and/or other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone. Write to SIR P.O. Box 16416 Cleveland, OH 44116

**MASTER WANTED—Age 30-45,** by Novice in Dayton On a Should have average or nice body. Am Greek passive French accent heavy, no pleasuring. Willing to accept full on right person I am 34 white male professional Travel to Chicago and New York often Box 1405

**AKRON AREA, GWM, 5'6" 190 lbs,** Trim, muscular really desires relationship with animal Macho type. Enjoy sports music travel active. Write with photo to French 1000 & loving Frank Rose 4272 Leewood Rd. Stow Ohio 44224 or call 868-8164 6-10 p.m. or weekends 11 p.m. Heirright guy relocate Over 40 please

**CINCINNATI, M/S/M, Places 28, 6' 185 lbs white, 167, novice** Seeks mutual self satisfaction with friend/brother/horny 18-40 into light S&M no latex f&S Box A79

**CLEVELAND, M&F, 28, 5', 170 lbs** swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and indians as a kid? I still do—im into wearing being captured and tied up to please my capt. If you like games, write to Box 21192 C.love and OH 44121

**COLUMBUS W/M, V-rpgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs** white 6" biker, leather/leather, w/ta sal s&f&ion for macho & n-cs straight-appeal ng bodytypes. No f&S, tats, shoes, chiselon Box 365

**BOOT FETTERISTS**  
Would like to meet and/or correspond with men into BOOT WORSHIP. Box 1476





## NEED WORKOUT

BEATTLE, B&D, No 5&M, into chips, speedo, jocks, harness. Need work out partner for weight lifting. Wm 15, 50, 190 lbs., looking for similar Box 581

## GOODLOOKING WHITE

BEATTLE, 6' 145 lbs., 28 in. Looking for Thin Lita Bikini, Leatherman, and Loggers Big Boots and Lolas Leather a plus. Willing to try anything once. Age and looks not important but prefer big and hairy. Your photo gets mine. All letters answered Box 1544

## MALCABRE

BEATTLE, SADISTIC, Brutal Satan c Young Master Wanted to enforce perm slavery. Absolutely no limits. Relocate anywhere. Must live out into Leather life-style. Socia scene, bulch drag, etc. Drugs smoke, long hair. O.K. Box 1538

## RASSLIN

6'2" 185 lbs. looking for same athletic competition. Seattle Collegiate, no sub, submission, no holds-barred. I like you. On only serious twerky looks need reply. We'll go a few rounds and get down. Box 815

BEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Loving flat, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys into uniforms, sports (if you know what I mean), am hot for trucks, cowboys and leatherman. Am 5'11", 170 lbs., husky 9" uncult. Box 698

YAKIMA, leather & boot loving macho man seeks like-minded masculine stud for permanent relationship. I'm 36, handsome bearded a plus. Please send photo. Box 1288

BEATTLE AREA—FF TOP OR BOTTOM looking for good times. Have a sweet Ass that's been trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys into uniforms sports (if you know what I mean), am hot for Trucks, cowboys and Leatherman. Am 5'11", 185 lbs., With 9" of hot Hard Meat. Box 1442

## WEST VIRGINIA

HANPERS FERRY 32 & 180 lbs. 10" chest Looking for w/m 18-35 muscular and hairy preferred. nice ass who wants his tits worked over Box 738

21, 6'11", 165 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair. Looking for w/m, 18-35, nice ass muscular. Box 1337

## WISCONSIN

### LEATHER GROUP TO TRAIN

MILWAUKEE, leather group to train or turn. For Young punks into latex. Captured, Manhandled, f&it up. Wreathed, forced to submit to your cocks need. Need tight buns, lips laced by gang bang rape. Eager to learn respect my mins. No FF, B&D. S&C. Plus 1m 32 150 lbs. Send letter to what you like to do with me with photo. Prefer 40 to 60 year old. Will answer all letters. Box 1616

MILWAUKEE W/M 28 8'1" 170 lbs., 10", seeking Master/Lover relationship with w/m 18-29 yrs. Must be able to respect and understand. I am new to this scene. I am a w/m with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973

## DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

## GOOD TIMES WANTED

SOUTHERN WIS, No 11L. Please write W/M late 30's, 5'10", 170 lbs. approx. 160 lbs. I am a very nice guy with male friend. For good times. Discreet 18-32. Good looks, very friendly, love french, some great action. No drugs or rough stuff. Enjoy movies, good food, conversation, travel, sex, outdoor activities among others. Send photo please. Box 80 W P O Box 332 Stoughton, WI 53589

MILWAUKEE, M 5'9", 145 lbs. white, hairy chest, needs instruction in B&D W/S S&M etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them. I will teach my role. No heavy drugs, latex, fems, scot. Photo greatly appreciated. Box 637

SOUTHEASTERN WISCONSIN, Houseboy, Young w/m (18-21) smooth, hot, tight, hung, cut, into light bondage, cock/ball and it work. I am 20's, muscular, light room/board furnished plus small salary. Swimming pool available. beach within blocks. Extreme Southeastern Wisconsin local scene. Photo and phone in reply. Box 1583

## KINKY

Submissive GWM 22, 5'9", 125 lbs. sm. brown hair and eyes very attractive. Like to experiment with and teach me B&D and light S&M who is also able to give and receive affect on and appreciate a caring and loyal friendship. Am also into fantasy scenes. Feet fantasy wrestling, etc. into clean socks and feet. Icing sucking them, etc. Into all except Grk. W/S. S&C FF and drugs. Letter with photo gets mine. R.P.G. C/O P.O. Box 217 Pawlucket NJ 02861

## SEEKING

Looking for masochist partner with 9 to 12" who wants to retire to the country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and sweating. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box 443

## MAIL ORDER

The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order business or advertising items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service must reveal in a advertisement the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the stated box number.

## STOATLETT

Leather & S&M. Legenders by educated StoatleTT. Send \$1.25 to W/D No 1103, 2640 SW 22nd Ave. Delray Beach FL 33445

MACHO AND MASTERFUL BOULDER, Colorado's one and only cigar-smoking cowboy Big Hank aka 3' 5" color. 160 lbs. 18-35. Box 307 Boulder CO 80306

KINGS MEN 172 1981 Bondage Catalog. Fully illustrated over 40 pages. Just issued Box 304 Cambridge Mass 02138 (6 Bigelow St.)

## GAY PARTY SUPPLIES

FREE Brochure on gag gifts, sex toys, cocktail napkins, invitations, aprons, etc. Send S.A.S.E. to Barry Distributing, 2944 Money Suite 301-M, Mesquite, TX 75150

## TATTOO MANUAL

80 pp \$30.00 PPD Details of tattooing machines, techniques, plans, showrooms and suppliers. Dr Andrew James 6615 Franklin Ave Suite 211, Hollywood CA 90028

## HOT-TALK-TAPES

NEW from station sound Real Hot and horny macho dudes get down and dirty on audio tape. For free cassette brochure write Stallion Sound, Box 436, Canal Street Station, New York City NY 10013 (562 West 75th New York, NY 10024)

## REMARKS

4 Corners 4 Colors 5 Buckle Change your mood? Then change the corner. Name your colors and write BANDANAS P.O. Box 687 Manchester NH 03105

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5.95 D's Vulture for dominance. Photo magazine with action stories. Muscle, Macho, Dozens of Hot Hunt, etc. 95 Info/Sample \$3.00 N.Y.C. 58 West 10th Street New York City 10011

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JUST MEN offers you a PLACE IN THE SUN Our 1981 color catalog featuring our newest styles of mens swimwear. Send \$1.00 to JUST MEN DEPT. CC-215 West 33rd Street New York NY 10016

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FOR SALE, Dark blue short sleeve uniform shirt, large size. Breaches with helmet and Sam Brown Belt with Holster. Cud Cud and Cartridge case. Complete outfit like new \$300.00 Call 1543

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Fuh, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2 Art Hamilton 315 West 41st Street New York, New York 10018/KRMYT

For guys into Leather Jackstraps, French/Greek Enemas Flat Fucking Bondage Spanking Straps Whips Our publication contains articles, letters, graphics classified ads. Send \$1 for sample. Impulse Forum, P.O. Box 830, Flushing NY 11352 (41-68 Main Street)

## EROTIC NOTE CARDS

sample card and brochure \$1.00. State over 21 H.S. & G. Dept. DR P.O. Box 50960, Washington D.C. 20004 (930 F St., NW Suite 300 D.C. 20004)

## DIRTY JOCKSTRAPS FOR SALE

Hard, hairy hardhat has a ripe scaple of his skin, stoned, oily straps for sale. All guaranteed wears. Play These nasty buns are also perfect mouthgags for uncooperative slaves! Only \$3 each. Sent PPD in a heavy d.t. bag. Pets, Box 11007, S.F. CA 94101

## THE EROTIC ART OF BILL BARY

Seventy pages in large 8 1/2 x 11 format on heavy coated stock of England's leading erotic artist. Includes KING and DRUM cartoon series. \$8.95 postpaid from The Studitors, 17 Harnet, San Francisco, CA 94103

## MAILABLE ART BOOK

Artist/photographer N.J.K. published LINES & IMAGES FROM OMAR KAYUM with 32 color drawings in a mailable art/booklet of 32 pages at \$2.95. Special signed/numbered edition \$10. Write NIKI Box 9005, Washington D.C. 20003

## FOOTBALL LOCKERROOM

This is it! Candid movie of real football players in their lockers. See jocks shedding uniforms, take tests and shower. It's real! No fake! Other films in Super 8-55" color are: Marines-Nude Swimmers, Gymnasts-Nude Surfers, Lifeguards-Nude Swimmers, Glory-High School. \$25. Set of 3x5 color photographs are \$25. Set of 50 photographs including set is from \$50. Free information with order. Erotic information for \$2. Sign if over 21. TAURUS PRODUCTIONS, Box 3312, Santa Monica, CA 90403

## ATHLETIC MODEL GUID

We are the oldest, largest photography studio in the world. We have the largest catalogue of stiles and models available anywhere. Thousands of photos for \$1.00. Hundreds of 8mm films to choose from. Send \$2 for the latest issue of our PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL magazine and information on our other offers. Athletic Model Guild, 1034 West 11th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90006

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America's most exclusive personal ad publication for Gay Men. 30-word ad and free copy of quarterly for \$10. Send us your ad or send \$3 for a copy of the current issue. Mail First Class. Courier Enterprises, 1622 N. Fuller Ave., Hollywood CA 90048

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE Gauntlet G-ives. Brown or Black. South African Cape leather. Genuine. Exceptional quality from Official Canadian supplier. Rare limited offer. State \$2. \$125. Celebrations. 724 Fillmore St. San Francisco CA 94117

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Bliss! off using super slinky air-art technique that feels just like a real blow job. Guaranteed \$20 (cash) and SASE Reynolds Box 3458-R, Hollywood, CA 90028

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COMFORTABLE, sexy sideless T-Shirt. You've pressed it up now look it off! 100% Cotton—cool. White, Black, and Yellow in small, medium, large and bodybuilders sizes \$10 plus \$2 postage and handling. 2 for \$18. Call residents add 8% sales tax. SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO ROBERT VAN CLEEF 8033 SUNSET BLVD #149, LOS ANGELES CA 90048 Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

MR NUDE APOLLO, body builder. Have muscular buns with dimples, send \$5 for my private EROTIC photo set and letter detailing my modeling session. Can travel. Dick W/ Randolph St Suite 805-F7 Chicago, IL 60601



## EROTIC BONDAGE PICTURES

Mr. Mike Apollo in capt vs duck. Let me turn you on. Send \$5 to Dick, 54 W Randolph-st Suite 606-FT Chicago, IL 60601

## NO HOLDS BARRED

Introducing after 20 photos (2 and 3 to 5) B&W action close-ups of young college wrestlers for only \$4 plus \$2 postage/handling order today Satisfaction guaranteed. Leand Wiegert, Jr. 30327 Route (D), Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274

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Investigations with on the scene photos. Choose from Kidnap victim 20 years 2-state rustling ring nabbed room and board in bondage. Good father and officer. Tresspasser caught hand cuffed, never less a man \$5 ea or 3/50. Immediate delivery in plain envelope. 8 Bayers, P.O. Box 64 Milwood, NY 10564

**TRAVEL SLING**, strong Lt. wt., can wear w/leg straps w/this you can take w/it you and play for hours in comfort. \$50 to \$75 to \$100. 1225 Folcom Dept. 221, S.F. CA 94103 Charge cards welcome

**QUAINTANCE PAINTINGS PRESERVED** on 24 brilliant color slides. Complete set only \$25 P.O. RA West, 4454 Treat Box 21377, Concord CA 94521

**TRADE SECRETS TATTOO TECHNIQUES FOR THE ARTIST \$30.00 per set** © 1980 A. Lamas-Hot! Temporary tattoo ink (patent pending)—used in a real tattoo machine but, unlike regular tattooing pigment lasts but a week. 15 ppd, 86 1/2 Franklin Ave., Suite 211, New Wood CA 90028. Under where Prohibited by law. Must be 21

you, we'd like to pick up the phone and have a hot young dude entertain you, get a copy of my SPECIAL BULLETIN. Describes over 250 male models and male escorts services in 34 cities. Many are G.I. Blue. Target models who will be glad to pose for you for a fee. Phone numbers given for every listing. Last updated monthly. For your copy send \$5 to Sam Harrison, 641 North Myers, Burbank, CA 91506

## CANADA

**ALWAYS EAGER TO LEARN** MONTREAL, 5'10", 175 lbs., can perform as either Master or slave, semi-hard and soft. Always learning about both roles. Into all forms of Leather and kinky activities. Love roughing filthy scenes. Always eager to learn more and willing to participate in anything. Will be in S.F. and Portland, June 81 to get in touch. Anyone needing a place to stay in Montreal are welcome also. Write now and all answered, photo appreciated but not a necessity. Box 1438

5' 48, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde hair, 5' 11", 46 m d s c p n ar n b, core durable and resilient. Much seeks 18-40, slender, under 6'10" preferred. Must be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No false promises. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M B&D, W/S, and love. Box 238

**VANCOUVER ARTIST** 34, seeks Hunky Man 18-35 to Submit to creatively posed photo sessions in exchange for photos & or Possible pay. Send Photo & Portfolio, s/s to J. Box 1397

**MONTREAL** Oral slave, 45, white 5'9" 165 lbs., gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho under 35. Also into whipping. W/S, face-sitting, feet, V.A., humiliations, punishments exposure. Robert Box 974

**TORONTO**, 40, Places, 5'10", 155 lbs. 40, blue eyes, uncut, wishes to meet dominant S 25-55 who is very sensitive respectful of limits, sense of humour. M has moderate exposure, versatile, and into leather boots, bridle, photos. W/S, bondage discipline. Have some experience as S. No false, fems, drugs, sex. Box 819

**ONTARIO**, 26, 140 lbs, 5'8", 6'4", cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve have my asshole used. Box 473

## SLAVE REQUIRED

Put your body and mind in my experienced hands and I will make all the decisions regarding both for your period of servitude. I insist on complete surrender in bondage to me. I will provide me with humble service and I will give you the respect that service deserves. Learn what true freedom is by losing it to me for our mutual satisfaction. All applications will be considered on the basis of information supplied in first letter. Address is 5175 1/2 St. Bearded and short hair. Box 1261

## LOVE LETTERS

Boot Lover would like to hear from men with big well worn dirty boots. Also well worn leather socks, stockings, and leather jackets. Very thirsty for HOT GOLDEN PISS. Also need a HUNG FIST for rear pleasure. All answered. Box 1461

**VANCOUVER—WITCHCRAFT BODY/SHAVED WARLOCK** SLAVE BOX 3072 Vancouver Canada 658 336-1

**NOVA SCOTIA—HIP RUBBER BOOTS FIREMEN** Fishermen, Black-leather Leather Twerk toilet, animals, toys. HUNG hermit needs buddy/Penpal. AM 35. Heavy, Horny Mature Photo Required. Write Occasional, P.O. Box 13, Reserve Mines, N.S. BOX 16 Canada

**EXPERIENCED MASTER WANTED** MONTREAL, White 5'5" 135 lbs. 30, Looking for experienced Master for tilt play, ball work, torture. Can Travel. Box 1488

## COP WANTED

MONTREAL M wants to serve big cop, like j. Dildos Handcuffs, ball, knee spanking, Flogging, Bondage Fucking, Sucking. Box 1364

## PERIODIC MAIL

When answering foreign ad with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

## KUWAITIA

**MELBOURNE**, White submissive, Adventure Bottom, 43, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut, Seeks kinky twin with Roughly Maco topman in Levi's, leather, Jockstrap, for Bondage. W/S, T/L, A&S and C/S Play. Am willing to experiment and expand where my limits must be respected. Box 268

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA** M 45, 160 lbs 7'1" uncut, extremely obedient. May I serve you? Box 720

## ENGLAND

### BOOTS/COCK HUNGRY

LONDON, Two thirsty dude offers his body for your use and abuse. Train me as your obedient Dog Slave 30 5'11" 154 lbs. visits USA twice a year. Needs Leather Master Uniformed Officer Construction Worker. Truck Driver. Photo appreciated. Ken Box 1517

## TOPMAN WANTED

LONDON, 26 6'1" 168 lbs wants his Arse and Mouth Fucked by well hung Hunky anyone or group. S&M and Bondage Toppman If you are under 45, goodlooking, well-built and can satisfy me write in detail with photo to Box 1507

## FILTH-LOVING SLAVE

38 5'9" 140 lbs. looking for Master to make him grovel in oil, grease mud filth etc in chains. Box 495

LONDON, M, 40, 5'9" 150 lbs 5'9" uncut, rubber, cock, anal, ball gear seeks dominant to 45 strict but respectful of limits. Box 630

## LONDON BEGINNER

Wim 32, 6'0" 185 lbs. looking for partner master or denim. Wm to try almost anything. Box 716

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2" 170 lbs. white, 7" very active strict top. Wants to meet groovy muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and send me a return. If I like it, I'll send it to you. I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 6656

MIDDLESEX, 37 5'10" 145 lbs. cut medium build short hair masculine seeks same, over 30. Imagine into leather uniforms or leathers. Hung. Am into good S&M bondage. Tasting whipping. Dildos. Box 363

OXFORD, Knowledgeable M 37 5'10" 180 lbs. into leather rubber denim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE S. 5'9" 4" 50 lbs. would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 517

SM, 44 5'1" 6" cut, may have a wide range of interests. W. English. Box 159

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COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6' white, 7" uncut into either role experienced and comfortable with S&M, under and muscular. Tends towards S more interested in meeting man more than sex. Should be intelligent masculine. Was gathered naturally. Should be my age or younger, no fetts. Should travel to US occasionally. Box 11

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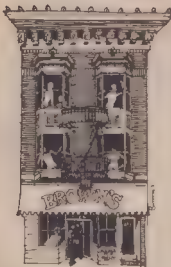
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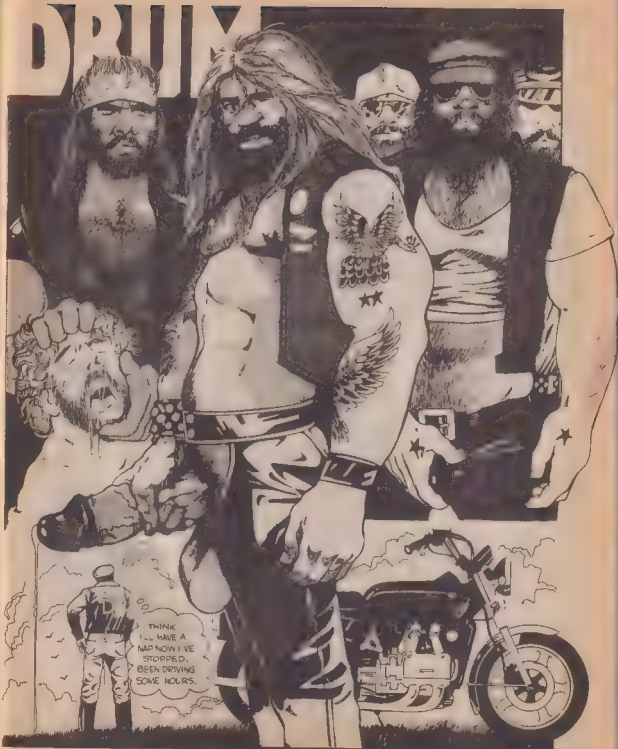
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ELSE FOR  
HIM...

HEY,  
WAKE UP,  
MAN. IT'S  
RAININ'!





# CONRAIP

## ALTERNATE REFUSED IN TEXAS PRISON

*The Alternate*, a gay news magazine, has been refused in the Texas State Prison System by a governing body called the Mail System Coordinators Panel. In a letter sent to *The Alternate* concerning the decision, the Panel stated: "A specific factual determination has been made that the publication is detrimental to prisoners' rehabilitation because it would encourage deviate criminal sexual behavior." That means *The Alternate* would prevent prisoners from being turned into "straights" by the prison's rehabilitation program. Who are they kidding, themselves? The letter goes on to say "Inmates receiving and/or possessing publication may be regarded as target of homosexual advances by other inmates." Notice that the operative word here is "advances," reiterating that the prison doesn't want anyone to know anyone else is gay.

This ruling comes barely months after the Federal Prison System ruled that gay publications could not be denied in federal institutions. Huntsville is a State-operated prison, and not subject to the same ruling.

The letter invited Alternate Publishing to protest the decision. We'll protest, but expect the results to follow the original decision. If the prison wants to deny you access to information, they'll find a way.

### KEN'S FRIENDS

The Associated Independent Ministries, a gay-orientated religious organization, publishes a directory of prison inmates seeking friends in the free world. It is available for a donation to individuals interested in starting correspondence with a prisoner. All inmates are invited to submit their own listing in Ken's Friends without charge. The project is supported completely by private donations. Besides the inmate directory, the organization provides half-way house and support services for released inmates. If you are interested in either the directory, or learning of the organization's other functions, you may write to them at AIM, Box 3023, Ft. Charlotte, FL 33952.

### PRISONERS

A goodlooking and well built 23-year-old white inmate wants mail from anyone. I have blue eyes, brown hair and a great body. 6 feet tall and weigh a solid 160 lbs. Daniel Lee Cagle No.106547-45, 835 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, NC 27603

Walla Walla prisoner needs some meaningful contact with the outside world. All mail appreciated. Tommy Ragan, No. 349437, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362

Inmate, 22-year-old, 6'1", 169 lbs. serving time without the outside support and concern of family or friends. I am bisexual and very lonely and welcome any and all correspondence. Charles W. Booker 156447, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

Very lonely white male, age 22, wishes to correspond with other sincere and gay individuals. Will answer all replies promptly. David Hammer 97392, Rt. 1 Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051

Prisoner - white, gay, 41-years-old, into the outdoor scene and country and western music (for real men) seeks someone to write to. Robert McKee C-12977, Box 886 0-136, Soledad, CA 93960

Edward Engle 380989, POB 221, Railroad, FL 32083 20 years old, blond hair and blue eyes, 5'9", 140 lbs. would like to hear from sincere persons looking for a lasting relationship. My interests include camping, reading, music and writing. Drop me a line

Inmate serving a life sentence needs to keep in touch with the free and real world. I am 33 years old, 145 lbs. and am 5'11" tall. I am gay and need to hear from my free brothers. Serving a life sentence destroys many inmates and I am determined for it not to destroy me. Drop me a line and I will answer all letters. Larry Joe Purkey PMB No. 76070 CBB U/R No. 4, Angola, LA 70712

Bisexual Black artist in prison would like to correspond with gay men. I come up for parole in 1982, need a job and a place to stay before I can make it out. I want to come to California real bad. Joseph Mitchell No. 301713, Ellis Unit, C-8 Wing, Huntsville, TX 77340

I am 22 years old, 5'11", 175 lbs., black hair and brown eyes. I do not have a family or anyone to write to. I would like to write to someone who will honestly offer some of their leisure time to correspond with me. Nicholas Shabareck, Box 1449, C-221-B, Homestead, FL 33030

Black male, 24, 176 lbs., 6'1", brown eyes, short black hair, body in the best of health, 8 inches, dominant, caring, honest, seeks all down-to-earth gays.

Lonely Virgo prisoner will answer all letters. Michael Dean Turner, No. 156617, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

Prisoner, will be out in nine months, likes bodybuilding, stamp collecting, sports, etc. I am white, 27 years old. Send a photo of yourself and I will send one of me. Gary Moore, No. 150-912, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

White, gay male needs to keep in touch with free world. I am 43 years old, 170 lbs., and active sexually in all scenes. I am into weight lifting, jogging, chess and music. Garland Gorden, 48888-146, POB7, Terminal Island, CA 90731.

Black male, 31 years old, 5'10" tall, 165 lbs. Low cut natural with full beard. I like chess and writing and sex with both gays and women. I am an ordained minister of life and free will. Have hair all over my body and a great muscle tone. Would like to write to gay males and lesbians free of all kind. Race is not such a must. I've human beings. Melvin Davis, Box 940, 3124 Pontiac, IL 61764



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All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newsstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

However, there are some publications that have such a loyal following that its readers will promptly go to their bookstore and demand the new issue, raising hell if it isn't available. We know because we get calls from newsstands and bookstores all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is out and wanting to know where else they can pick up the new DRUMMER. Now THAT is loyalty.

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No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at their original cover price. Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is \$2.50, through issue 29 the price is \$3, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 50c for postage for each magazine. Hurry, some of the copies are getting very scarce.

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**MACH**

THE SIX DOLLAR  
MAGAZINE



# LONDON LEATHER

Maybe it's a good idea to start with an explanation of who I am.

In Great Britain and Europe my name is known for my articles in various gay magazines. For the past five years my writings have concentrated on the leather scene. Its rapid expansion over the past couple of years has given me a lot more to write about.

I am thirty-six and live in London the only place to be in England if you're into leather.

I run the Eagle bar, which was the first commercial leather bar in this country - opened only last year. It's housed in Heaven, a gigantic gay disco in the centre of London. Heaven is Europe's biggest gay disco.

The leather scene in this country is vastly different to the American scene. Because of our repressive licensing and sex laws, the scene has been held back. It is only recently that businessmen have had the courage to put money into commercial leather bars.

The scene is basically divided into two sections - the MSCs (Motor Sports Clubs), which are primarily social and run by members for members, and the commercial leather bars, which provides good places for cruising. The MSC scene has a much greater history. MSC London, for instance, the biggest leather club in the capital, has just celebrated its seventh birthday. It meets twice a week in its own premises which are situated at 244 Old Brompton Road, which is in the Earls Court district of London. Earls Court is renowned as London's gay ghetto; here you'll find Britain's most famous gay public house, the Coleherne, also in Old Brompton Road, which has a very heavy emphasis on leather.

Perhaps I should explain the difference between a club or bar and a public house (pub). The clubs and bars are usually open from nine in the evening until three in the morning similar to yours. But pubs have a most peculiar licence system. They open in the morning at ten-thirty and close again at three in the afternoon. In the evening, they open at five-thirty and then close promptly at eleven. On Sundays, these hours are even more restricted. But back to MSC London: as I've said it's mainly a social group and is not very cruising. But if you're a visitor to London from the States, it's a good idea to contact the group, who'll offer advice and information about the leather scene. And every now and again, the group organizes special parties which are well worth a visit. These evenings are usually followed by a private party at a member's home these are much wider.

The reason for this is that the archaic laws which govern public places in this country prohibit any form of sexual liaison. It is illegal over here, too, for more than two guys to get it on! So, most people confine their sexual activity to their own home.

That's ignoring restrooms (cottages of course, but British, and especially London, cottages are very dangerous. Our police take a delight in catching gay guys at it. Also, it's unwise to hang around outside pubs after closing time - they'll get you for soliciting. You have been warned.

In spite of all this, the leather scene has never been healthier.



The other sizeable leather club in London is Spreadeagles, which meets on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays at the Princess of Prussia, Prescott Street, London E1. The nearest underground station is Aldgate East.

Again, like MSC, this club is more social than cruising. It usually has a nice mixture of people though and they're very friendly. The Princess of Prussia has a pool room, which is very popular.

Number three in the leather club league is the 69 Club; it's the oldest leather club in the country. The club tends to keep a low profile. It has meetings once a month to which any leather guy can go. At the moment they are meeting at the Tournament public house in Old Brompton Road. But it would be advisable to check with London's Gay Switchboard (01-837-7324) on meeting place and times.

That takes care of some of the biggest clubs in London. The commercial scene really only has two leather bars to its name. The aforementioned Eagle which I helped to set up and the Subway in Leicester Square.

The Eagle runs a strictly leather-only admission policy and is only open

Thursday and Friday nights (9.30pm - 3am). It has a pool room and a very raunchy atmosphere. It also has a leather shop where you can buy leather items, etc. As I said before, the Eagle bar is within the Heaven disco complex. Heaven plays host to London's only uniform club on Wednesdays and Fridays. London Blues meet in the Star Bar and operate a uniform-western-denim policy. These meetings are usually very cruisy and the Star Bar is always packed.

Subway has only been open about three months and is already one of the hottest bars in town. It's open every night of the week, including Sunday (very unusual for a club here). Doors open at nine and close again at 3.30am. Again, the Sunday hours are shorter.

The club has two cruise bars downstairs, a restaurant in the middle section and the upstairs bar has been converted into a construction site. The door policy is uniform, western, denim and leather and they're very strict. They tend to have a more relaxed policy about heavy cruising - you can get away with more here than anywhere else in town.

At the time of writing this I hear that the town is going to get yet another leather bar. Again, I'll be meeting in a pub, called the London Apprentice in Old Street, London EC1. The bar is to be named the Leather Apprentice and at the moment I've no information of opening times. But knowing the guys behind the enterprise, it should be quite cruisy. More information when it comes my way.

While you're in London, many of you may see an ECMC badge on a guy's leather jacket. This stands for the European Confederation of Motor Sports Clubs. This is the umbrella organization for all MSC clubs in Europe. Its function is to organize events all over Europe to which all club members are invited. Each country in Europe plays host once a year to all other ECMC affiliated clubs. The London meeting is looked forward eagerly to by leather guys here. It usually takes the form of a complete week of organized activities. Last year's ended with a party for 1000 guys one Sunday night in Heaven. It was the biggest leather get-together London has ever seen. Very friendly, very cruisy, with guys from all over Europe and the States. Indeed, last year, MSC London played host to a party from CMC California. This was the first time that an American club has been able to take part in the full week's activities. And we hope there'll be many more.

Bryan Derbyshire

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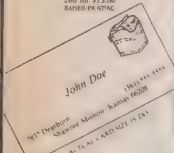
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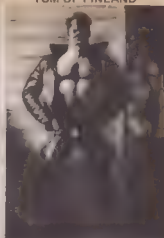
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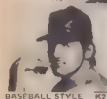
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# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Mr. Townsend

Leather S&M bars are filled with males who are either Top or Bottom oriented, yet there are many guys (myself included) who are experienced and enjoy both roles with no strong preference for either. Do you have any ideas how we can get our "dual" preference across to others without having to wear keys and hankies on both sides (which looks strange and weighs you down)?

Dual in NYC

Dear Dual

Unfortunately, I can't re-write the rules; and I'm sure you know them as well as I do. Most guys in your situation wear their signs on the left ("S") side because they are afraid of losing their macho image. Try them on the right for a while and see what happens. If that fails, as it has, and you're serious about projecting your desires, I might suggest that there are T-shirt suppliers who will put anything you want across your chest. There are also little silver "M" and "S" pins available in most of the leather shops. Why not wear one of each? If all else fails, you could simply tell your prospective partner, although this may be the most difficult to do, as a result of the same socio-psychological conditioning that I started off lamenting.

Hi Larry,

Well I got a good one for you. You probably never thought of nipple torture through dental floss. If the guy has nice tits, suck them and make them stand up. Hold the tips, between your teeth and tie the dental floss nice and tight, like a cock in bondage, so it holds the blood at the end. This will leave the tips open to caress or needle work, or whatever you wish. Also, you can use clothespins for adding a little more torture to the tits while the nipples are in bondage. Try it, you'll love it.

(Name withheld)  
Oakland, CA

Dear Withheld,

I'll admit I hadn't thought of using

dental floss, but TT is such a popular pastime I'm sure some of my other readers have. Clothespins are a good basic (and cheap) blackroom accessory, but there are certainly a lot more imaginative instruments available. You're on the right track, kid; but you're only pulling into the first station.

Dear Larry,

I'd like to offer correct information concerning hepatitis. A three year study has been completed in New York by the N.Y. Blood Center in association with the Gay Mens Health Project, proving a new vaccine both safe and effective against type "B" (serum) hepatitis. Type "B" is the most prevalent form of hepatitis among gay men. Gamma Globulin presently available is effective only against type "A" (infectious) hepatitis and offers little if no protection against type "b."

This new vaccine should be available for mass marketing in 1982 or early 1983. It will provide, to most individuals, full protection against Type "B" hepatitis for possibly a lifetime. Since there is no cure for hepatitis, the vaccine will prove to be an invaluable preventative measure to the health care of all gay men and other high risk populations (e.g., Third World Countries).

Concerned Researcher, NYC

Dear Concerned,

Thank you for taking the time to give us the most up-to-date information. Let's hope it all proves out on schedule.

Dear Larry,

I have followed your writing for some time, now, so I know of your education and knowledge in the field. I would like to ask your advice. I live in a small town in the north central part of the country, and am involved in raising livestock. I have a sixteen year old stud working for me who looks up to me like a father. He has a body that won't quit, and he is after mine. I have already had him through some rough sessions, and he keeps coming back for more. I give him some rough workouts with wrapping his nuts with leather, and cock stretching - which he loves. (I liked it myself at his age, so know how he feels.)

Last summer when we were out castrating cattle, he helped, and we had a fine day and night together. . . Since then, he has been after me to castrate him so that he can be just like me. (I was forceably castrated years ago, and have a pair of large fake nuts.) One night I came out of the shower to find him spread out on my bed, his crotch bag shaved, and the loaded castrating-band applicator, with a knife, spread on a towel between his legs. I really wanted to do it, and I think he wants me to do it personally, but I want him to have a pair of big fakes, maybe even bigger than mine, filling his bag.

I would like any information you

might be able to give. He will be 17 soon, but I want to wait until he is 18, maybe for his eighteenth birthday, to do the cutting. Mean-while, I want to give him some options on methods and such so that he can make a decision on how he wants it done. I hope you will be able to help.

(Name Withheld)

Dear Fake,

Your letter (which I had to cut down for reasons of space) was a masterpiece of JO fantasy, and I am hopeful that was all it was. If I thought you were serious, I would have to tell you that I neither practice nor condone your described behavior - regardless of the person's age. I'm sure you must realize the legal implications, as well as the irreversible deprivation to which you would subject your young friend. Many of us have castration fantasies, and enjoy reading about it, much as other law-abiding folks enjoy murder mysteries and far out adventure stories. That doesn't mean we seriously plot to kill our friends and neighbors, nor attempt to build functional spaceships in our basements. Enjoy the mental images, but make sure that's all they are.





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# Tough Shit

## Damages sought for boy, 7 forced by teacher to lick spit

PAWTUCKET, R.I. (UPI) — Terry and Deborah Shook have demanded \$115,000 in damages from the city council because their son's second-grade teacher forced him to lick spit off the playground during

Jr. has been assaulted, degraded, embarrassed, ridiculed, subjected to excessive corporal punishment, great mental anguish and conscious pain and suffering. . . . "their claim said

**SHOOKS**  
The Shooks claimed their son Terry, 7, was ordered to "remove with his mouth and tongue spittle and phlegm he had expectorated on the schoolyard ground."

They said teacher Kathleen Markley, a order last October subjected their son to "excessive corporal punishment" and denied his civil rights.

"If that's her idea of discipline, she shouldn't be a teacher," said Terry Shook.

"Just picture him on the ground like a dog lapping it up — it makes me sick," said Mrs. Shook.

They filed the claim after the School Department refused their request to suspend Miss Markley for a week without pay or order her to apologize to Terry.

"The result of this gross and disgusting incident is that Terry Shook

It requested \$50,000 for teacher negligence, \$50,000 in punitive damages and \$15,000 in lawyers fees.

School officials admitted Miss Markley issued the order, but said her version disagreed with the Shooks' account of the incident.

According to Assistant Superintendent Beatrice B. Donovan, Miss Markley ordered Terry to lick the spit off a other student's shoe because he may have spat on another student during a fight at recess.

"It was rather a harsh thing," said Miss Donovan, who called the punishment "unusual."

Last week Miss Markley said she disagreed with the Shooks complaint, but could not comment further on the advice of teachers union lawyer Julius C. Michaelson.

The city council said it would consider the claim Monday.



## PALM BEACH SET TO BAN TOPLESS JOGGING FOR MEN

PALM BEACH, Fla. (AP) — Town Council members of this rich community are planning to bring in a topless jogging ban — for men.

They want to stop the "unsightly" problem of hairy-chested males jogging shirtless along the quiet, exclusive streets.

"Professional runners wear a uniform and have their torsos covered," said Irvin Fried, who heads Citizens

South of Sloane's Curve, a group supporting the topless ban.

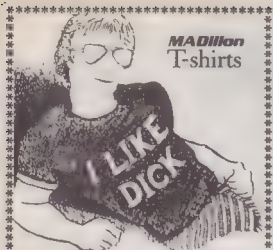
"I think it's suitable for people to dress in the uniform of the sport they're involved in."

"I just think it's an unsightly thing for people to have their torsos exposed in all parts of the town."

"Somebody with a hairy chest with sweat running down isn't a delightful sight to behold."

## PISSED-OFF FLAG WEVERS?

Gay Ex Marines have begun publication of the *Jim Bellinger* at their national office. Subscriptions are \$5 per year and can be obtained by writing to the publication at 1469 Church St. NW, Washington, DC 20005.



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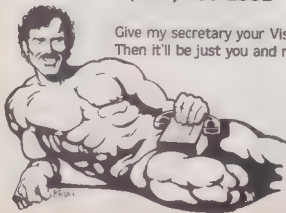
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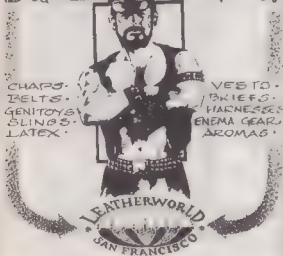


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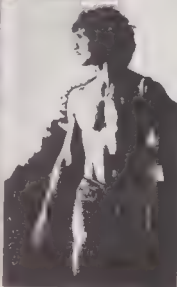
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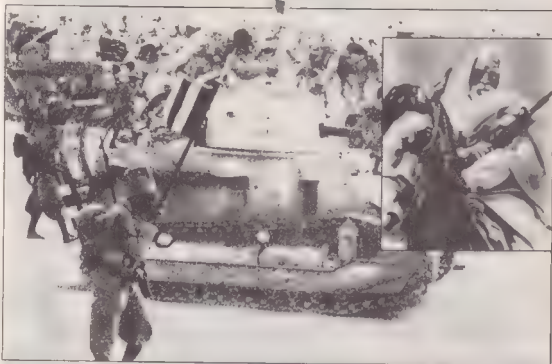
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# DRUMMER views the Flicks



## LION OF THE DESERT

The recreation of history can be a awesome chore in filmmaking, witnessed by epic pictures like *Barry Lyndon* and even that old warhorse *Gone With The Wind*. Moustapha Akkad's breathtaking *Lion of the Desert* not only recreates Mussolini's Italy and Omar Mukhtar's Bedouin Sahara, but he also uncovers one of the most devastating examples of fascistic genocide — which rivals the Nazi campaigns in its inhumanity.

Anxious to reclaim their former colonies in North Africa, the Mussolini government launched campaign after campaign to defeat the desert Bedouins and bring these last resistors to occupation under Italian control. Already successful with the various chiefs and satraps of other cultures in North Africa, Mussolini was stymied by his army's inability to crush the Bedouin resistance.

Rodolfo Graziani was dispatched by Mussolini to the Southern Sahara with unlimited resources to make one final, victorious assault. Graziani was the

first military leader to use then-modern military machinery in desert warfare, and the film's recreation of early Italian tanks, planes and mechanized instruments of destruction is one of the marvels of this epic history.

Graziani instituted concentration camps in the desert that overwhelm the senses. Occasionally using actual newsreel footage, *Lion of the Desert* maintains a chilling air of authenticity. Over 200,000 were killed, perhaps almost a million were imprisoned behind walls of barbed wire. Rape, mass slaughter, starvation — all were the tools of the fascists' occupation.

The Bedouin resistance was led by Omar Mukhtar, a 72-year-old ex-teacher who had devoted the last twenty years of his life to driving the Italians from his land. Because history doesn't always have a happy ending, Mukhtar is captured by Graziani, finally, and hanged. The Bedouin are momentarily defeated.

Amid this crafty retelling of history, Moustapha Akkad devised and executed a compelling series of film por-

traits. Mussolini, Mukhtar and Graziani are fascinating men, each driven by his own passions to what seems superhuman efforts. The reconstruction of Rome and the Italian fascist's headquarters is amazing in its accuracy. The desert of North Africa has never looked more remote or harsh. The battle carnage is captured with an attention that, while it seems almost clinical in its intimacy, attacks the viewer's sensibilities with visual assaults the likes of which are almost unbearable.

But despite the superb craftsmanship and the sterling performances, *Lion of the Desert* occasionally falls into a morass of preachy propaganda for the desert tribes handled in the worst de Mille style. Invisible choruses humming, film overlays, a Christian resolution complete with "most favorite quote" spoil an otherwise awe-inspiring production.

*Lion of the Desert* is well worth seeing, if only for the history. Everything else good about it is a bonus.

— John W. Rowberry





film stars (Bibi Andressan, Anthony Perkins, Sandra Dumas), and it has production values only money can buy. Still, it is a good example of how the establishment film industry can deal with gay subject matter utilizing both intelligence and compassion. *Twice A Woman* is the ultimately tragic tale of a married woman who decides that her homosexual yearnings need fulfillment. She leaves her husband, settles in with a lover, and tries to live happily ever after. Unlike a few recent and similar films, this one is more concerned with the internal aspects of the lesbian relationship rather than the social ramifications. Because gay men and women do not suffer the degree of social scorn in The Netherlands that they would in the United States, filmmakers can explore more intimate themes in films dealing with same sex relationships.

*Dear Boys* is another film from The Netherlands, but quite a different kettle of fish. Where *Twice A Woman* is lyric, *Dear Boys* is erotic, explicit, and very funny. It is also a story about relationships, but in this case the lengths a gay writer goes to in keeping his two boyfriends faithful, whom he excites with some of the most imaginative tales of sexual assault, rape, violence and S&M I have ever seen on a movie screen (including the regular porno circuit). *Dear Boys* is constantly funny, except when it is trying to be erotic — and then it is a mindblower. A film festival like this is perhaps one of the very few places where you will ever see a film like *Dear Boys*.

*We Were One Man* falls somewhere between the last two film genres. It is a compassionate but explicit story of a French farmer who meets and falls in love with a German officer during World War Two. Here, not only is homosexuality explored by the director, Philippe Valouis, but the social reaction to a homosexual, cross-nationalistic relationship. This film recently won the Silver Hugo Award at the Chicago Film Festival, and has been a smashing success in Europe. While it stands a better chance of getting distributed in American theatres than do most of the other films in the San Francisco festival, it



still has only a slim chance of playing even the major cities.

The documentaries exhibited are a visual stew of subjects and styles. *A Bigger Splash*, about English artist David Hockney, is at once a brilliant look at a famous gay artist and his work and an extremely honest look at his private life and his gayness. *When This You See Remember Me* is a reconstructed documentary about literary pioneer Gertrude Stein, and deals with her gayness honestly. *Andy Warhol* is a very good look at the pop art genius of the 1960's. *World of Light* is about author May Sarton, and *Over There on a Visit* about author Christopher Isherwood. *A Woman's Place is in the House* is a very telling portrait of Elaine Noble — the first lesbian to be elected to a major political office as an open gay candidate. *Portrait of Jason* is Shirley Chalk's unusual and often disturbing documentary about a black hustler. But

the big surprise is *Sergi Eisenstein*, a documentary about the legendary German director. The discovery that Eisenstein was homosexual is going to set the film world on its collective ear. Eisenstein represents the birth of cinema realism, and is as important to film history and theory as Michaelangelo is to the golden age of Italian art, and Socrates is to philosophy.

The Festival also includes two nights of short, experimental and independent films from around the world. These collective programs include the newest films in progress and an occasional golden oldie. These evenings are perfect for the adventurous.

The San Francisco International Gay Film Festival will be held June 22-26 at the Castro and Roxie Theatre in San Francisco. A brochure with information about the films being shown and ticket prices is available by writing, Frameline, Box 1983, San Francisco, CA 94101.

— John W. Rowberry

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